



No. 460.—Vol. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20. 1901.

SIXPENCE.



"VERY FIT, THANK YOU!"

*This splendid Photograph of the King was taken during His Majesty's recent holiday in Scotland (by Salmon and Batcham, of New Bond Street, W.), and is supplied exclusively to "The Sketch."*



## THE NEW SAVOY PROGRAMME.

## "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA" AND "THE WILLOW PATTERN."

THE laudable anxiety to invent or develop new forms of art leads to strange things, such as Humperdinck's treatment of a comic little fairy-tale as if it were a huge, soul-stirring subject—with a delightful result—and now to the tiny child's play being handled as the book of a severe, ambitious opera. The music of "Ib and Little Christina," apart from the play, would suggest Grand Opera, passionate in feeling, austere in form. This sounds like hostile criticism, so one should hasten to say that the music of Mr. Franco Leoni is of really fine quality and interesting in almost every bar. Whether music so complex and modern is quite congruous with the simple story of Utland folk raises a difficult question; at any rate, Mr. Leoni has shown great ability. Perhaps the Savoy public will grumble, will ask whether there was an absolute necessity for avoiding even "a little piece of sugar for the bird," in form of ballad or local dance, which could easily have been woven into the story without outrage to art. Mr. Basil Hood's beautiful book loses, perhaps, some of its charm when treated on such a large scale, and the acting is not what it was at the Prince of Wales's. There Miss Mary Rorke gave an exquisite performance as the hapless, wandering mother who finds home at last; but Miss Isabel Jay, delightful in her own line, was insignificant in the part, and the music obviously was trying for her. Indeed, all the Company—except, it may be, Mr. Lytton, quite admirable in the first Act, or "panel"—seemed to find the music difficult and painful in pitch, and, in fact, the merit of the music is purely orchestral. Master Emery showed a very pretty treble and an idea of acting. Mr. Evett gave a creditable performance. Mr. Thorndike was excellent as the old man. Perhaps this notice reads rather coldly, and yet the writer has recollections of many moments of great pleasure from the piece.

"The Willow Pattern" was quite a different kind of affair, a clever little operetta, with a Gilbertian touch and plenty of humour, connected with the story of the crafty Ping-Pong, who saves his neck by the skin of his teeth, as the Irishman said. Here one had neat rhymes, sometimes very ingenious, and tripping dialogue, with music by Mr. Cecil Cook full of the colour supposed by musicians to be Chinese, and very dextrous in handling of dancing rhythms. The burden rested on Mr. Walter Passmore, who was exceedingly droll as the impudent idol. It is a curious fact that his skill as dancer caused him, even in his intentionally grotesque movements, often to employ lines full of grace. The contrast between Mr. Passmore as the crouching little god and the huge Mr. Crompton produced some very funny effects. Several of the songs and dances had encores. "The Willow Pattern" is rather a one-part affair, and it was a pity to have so little of Miss Brandram's admirable singing and acting. Miss Agnes Fraser played and sang prettily, and a clever little performance was given by Miss Louie Pounds in the part of a Japanese doll.

## "IN MEMORIAM."

BY RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

The heart of the Nation bleeds!  
The eyes of the Nation weep!  
And the salt tears fall on the brown earth pall  
That covers her brave—asleep!  
They have earned by their noble deeds  
Their place on the roll of fame;  
And the whole world rings of the pride it brings  
To record each Hero's name!

Though Cottage and Hall may mourn  
The miss of a well-loved face  
That brightened the life of the maiden or wife  
Who lived for each fond embrace;  
Though with anguish their hearts be torn,  
One thought will arise to cheer,  
That, if stricken down, they have earned the crown  
That the soldier holds most dear.

And the tears on their graves that fall  
Are as dew from the skies above,  
Which is upward drawn in the golden dawn  
By the Sun of Eternal Love.  
And a message goes up from all,  
On the Sun-winged shafts of light:  
We shall meet you anew—as the Sun meets the dew—  
At the end of our day's long night.

Miss Lily Brayton, I hear, is to create the leading part in "The Twin Sister," to be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in about a month's time.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King at Windsor—The Prince of Wales as a Game-Shot—Viceroys and Tigers.*

THE portrait of the King on the front page of this issue of *The Sketch* should completely silence the alarmist reports as to the state of His Majesty's health. There was a revival of these reports in Paris last week, and, amusingly enough, the city of *canards* and *gobe-mouches* was asked to believe—no doubt, to influence prices on the Bourse—that our Sovereign was lying on a bed of sickness on the days when, in wind and pelting rain, His Majesty was standing outside the coverts in Windsor Park and bringing down rocketting pheasants with unerring aim. Parisians do not like to make themselves objects of ridicule, and, no doubt, we shall hear of no more false rumours regarding the King being spread abroad in the City of Light.

Admirably as the King shoots, the Prince of Wales is a better shot, and can hold his own even when such champions as Lords Walsingham and de Grey are in a shooting-party. At Holkham, when, in 1899, the Prince was the guest of the Earl of Leicester for three days' shooting, it is said that at one stand he killed 280 pheasants, frequently having three birds dead in the air at one time, and what rapid shooting this means every man who has held a gun knows. The total number of game killed in this three days' shoot at Holkham was 3487 head.

To shoot well is just as much a portion of the education of a Prince as to talk a dozen languages perfectly and to recognise faces only once seen. Nearly all the Monarchs of Europe are good shots, the Kaiser probably being the surest shot at large game, though he would make but a poor show against our Prince of Wales at driven birds. To hold a gun and a rifle straight is a necessary accomplishment for Viceroys and Governors, especially in our Eastern possessions, where the white rulers of the land are brought into contact with Rajahs and Sultans and Chiefs who nearly all shoot splendidly. Every Viceroy is supposed during his tenancy of the high office to kill a tiger, and some of them kill many. Some Viceroys, however, who have given their attention at home more to diplomacy than to the use of the rifle have found sitting in a *machar* and waiting for a tiger to visit his kill rather trying to nerves. One of the Rajahs ruling a Native State has a tiger-shooting box which is the salvation of nervous Viceroys. It is practically a drawing-room built on a great scaffolding, and here the Rajah's guests wait until the tigers are driven right under the flooring.

I was once, in the Far East, the guest of the ruler of a tributary State who did not always quite agree with the Governor of the neighbouring Colony as to how a Native Principality should be ruled. Something had gone wrong on this occasion, and the potentate, my host, was morose and not inclined for conversation. After lunch on the second day of my stay, a change suddenly came in the Ruler's mood; a subtle method of revenge had occurred to him, and he smiled beatifically as he said to me, "I ask Governor — to come over here and shoot. Then I wipe his eye." Which, I think, is an example in proof of my contention that all Governors of Colonies should be good shots.

## THE CHAPERON.

*Queen Alexandra's First Drawing-Room an Evening Function?—Rumoured New Rules—A New Royal Household—An Important Coming-of-Age—The Hope Diamond—Bride-Peeresses at the Coronation—A great Charity Fête.*

CHAPERONS and débutantes are already beginning to think about Queen Alexandra's first Drawing-Room. In spite of rumours to the contrary—for it has been currently said that no Drawing-Rooms will be held before the Coronation—I hear, on good authority, that it is probable the first Drawing-Room will be held in February. Further, I am told that Her Majesty will very wisely follow the excellent precedent set by the late Sovereign, who during the last years of her reign rarely remained right through the long, wearying function, but, after a certain interval, handed over her task to the then Princess of Wales.

Yet another question which is agitating many minds is whether Drawing-Rooms are to be held in the afternoon or in the evening. It was said, long ago, that Queen Alexandra much preferred the foreign and Dublin custom to that in vogue at the British Court; and certainly a Drawing-Room as held at Buckingham Palace seems to those who have been to a Royal reception in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, or in Rome, a relic of prehistoric days, when subjects were expected to humble themselves before their Sovereign and his Consort. Particularly delightful used to be the Drawing-Rooms held by Queen Margherita at the Quirinal, and English visitors to Rome, provided with proper credentials, were always warmly welcomed by the beautiful "Pearl of Savoy," who made a point of speaking a few words to each of her foreign visitors.

Pessimists declare that King Edward much disapproves of the habit many people now have of going to Court every year or every second year, and rumour has it also that all sorts of new rules concerning attendance and presentations are going to be enforced. I think, however, that this is most unlikely, in view of the fact that new and stringent rules were drawn up a comparatively short time ago, and that now no



THE NEW BILL AT THE SAVOY: SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.

*Photographed Specially for "The Sketch" by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS CHRISTINA.



MR. ROBERT EVETT AS IB.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS THE GIPSY WOMAN.

IN "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA."



MISS AGNES FRASER AS AH-MEE.



MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS PING-PONG.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS WEE-PING.

IN "THE WILLOW PATTERN."



lady may present more than one friend, an exception being, of course, made in the case of daughters and nieces.

People are speculating as to those fortunate persons who will fill the more important posts in the Household of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lady Lathom, who is mentioned as one of Her Royal Highness's Ladies-in-Waiting, was before her marriage Lady Wilma Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord and Lady Radnor's only daughter. She has four little children, but, instead of having, like the Princess of Wales, three sons and a daughter, she has one son, Lord Skelmersdale—who will be seven years old next May—and three daughters, the youngest of whom is only very little older than Prince Henry of Wales. The late Lord Lathom was, of course, a great favourite at Court; and one of Lord Lathom's sisters was a god-daughter of the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Yet another sister is the wife of Lord Salisbury's parson son. The Prince of Wales will, of course, choose old friends to be in his immediate *entourage*, and at first it is not likely that His Royal Highness will appoint many Equerries, for King Edward, though recognising the importance of Court etiquette, is not so particular in these matters as was the late Sovereign.

The coming-of-age of Lord Mahon, Lord Stanhope's eldest son and heir, was celebrated last week in good old style, Lady Stanhope entertaining a large house-party in honour of the event. Many beautiful gifts were on view in the great hall, which is the finest feature of Chevening. On Wednesday, Lord and Lady Stanhope entertained all their friends and neighbours at a splendid ball, attended by many well-known people as well as by all the local celebrities, for Sevenoaks is within easy distance of several great centres.

The news that the Hope diamond is, after all, to adorn some American beauty has created quite a sensation. Several people, it seems, made a bid for it, but the still anonymous Transatlantic purchaser offered £30,000, and seems to have secured a bargain, for the diamond has been valued by the American Customs at £50,000. The long duration of the War is telling, I am told, on the jewel-market, and many well-known women are having their *parures* re-set instead of buying anything new.

It really does look as if the Coronation will be enlivened by the presence of some dozen or more bride-Peeresses. The latest engagement is that of Lord Talbot de Malahide, a noted and popular Irish Peer, to Mrs. Cuney, of Sprowston Hall, Norwich. The bridegroom-elect has now been a widower for close on four years; his place, Malahide Castle, County Dublin, is the centre of a good sporting country, and he is the most hospitable of hosts to a large circle of English and Irish hunting friends.

What may be called the charity-fête epidemic is about to begin. One such affair, which will be under very distinguished patronage and which is certain to be exceedingly well organised, is that which is being got up by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. Cecil Powney. An attempt is to be made to repeat the wonderful success of Mrs. Arthur Paget's *Tableaux Vivants*, and a great many pretty women are being pressed into service. There still seems some hesitation as to where the entertainment is to take place, but, if support of the proper kind is secured, the tableaux will probably be presented at Her Majesty's Theatre. The proceeds are to go to the Charing Cross Hospital Fund. There is also talk of a great War entertainment in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, which is in great need of help, for the South African Campaign has taxed its resources to the utmost limit.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Shallow Tramways at Last—Lost, £2,000,000 a-year!—Insanitary Kitchens—The Need for Inspection—Undesirable Aliens—The Things that Matter—We are Waking Up, Gentlemen—Cold, Darkness, and Discomfort—Cricket and Sunshine in Australia.*

AT last the "L.C.C." has decided to take the line which "The Man in the Street" has so often advocated in this column, and has unanimously adopted a report which will enable the street-traffic of London to be relieved without knocking down the houses in every great thoroughfare. The principle of shallow tramways was adopted, which means that a tramway-subway will be excavated under the centre of the roadway, with a tunnel on each side for water, gas, electric, and other pipes. In this way the tramway systems will be linked up and the surface of the roads will be left alone.

The first subway is to be from the Embankment by the Strand and Holborn to Theobald's Road, and will cost only about £320,000 estimated, or £500,000 in reality. This is a mere trifle, as the congestion of traffic on that line alone is said to cause a dead loss of over £2,000,000

a-year. Start at once, gentlemen, and let us all save a bit of that two millions. As somebody used to sing, "It's a pity to waste it!"

Meanwhile, there is another little job for the "L.C.C." to take in hand, and the sooner the better. Like most people, I now and then dine at a restaurant, but "The Man in the Street" cannot afford to dine at the swagger hotels, where (perhaps) the kitchens are clean and decent. The revelations of the insanitary state of some of the underground kitchens in London fairly make me sick, and what I say is, let the kitchens be properly inspected by a qualified authority as soon as possible.

The bakehouses used to be in a filthy condition, and I can remember finding the remains of a blackbeetle in the roll given me in a restaurant once. But the bakehouses are now properly inspected, and there is no reason why the restaurant kitchens should not be forced to keep clean. The only persons who could possibly object are those eating-house keepers whose premises are in a disgusting and insanitary condition, and for them hanging would be a deal too good. Inspection is the job that is waiting for the "L.C.C.," and, if that body hesitates to carry it out, it will be grossly neglecting its duty.

And there is another matter which I wish the authorities (not the "L.C.C." this time) would look after, and that is the immigration of undesirable aliens into this country. We are periodically informed that America is a free country, and yet every man who goes there to settle has to show that he is worth something. But here in England we let every foreign country dump its rubbish down among us all. A great number of these undesirables are thieves and breeders of fever and all the dirt-complaints, and yet we let them come over here to add to the population, which is already more than sufficiently congested.

What tires me is that at election-times people go squabbling and speechifying and voting on subjects which do not concern them in the remotest degree, and yet allow a state of things which touches both their pockets and their health to go on unheeded. Workmen meet in Congresses and discuss all matters in heaven and earth but those which affect them, and yet never insist that pauper aliens should not be permitted to come and take the bread out of their mouths and swell the charges on the rates. They know better in the Colonies and in the United States, and the sooner we leave off fiddling about with reforms which reform nothing, and turn to tackling matters which really concern us, the better it will be for this old country.

"The Man in the Street" must have his occasional grumble. This London of ours is in many respects the finest city in the world. It is the largest, the healthiest, and best-policed, and we want it to be the most convenient and best served with public vehicles. We don't want King Log and we don't want Tammany Hall; but, as we all pay rates nowadays, we want the best work at the lowest fair price and no waste. Mind, gentlemen of the "L.C.C.," "The Man in the Street" is waking up to these things.

Saturday was one of the beastliest days of the year. It is the football day, and the one day of the week "The Man in the Street" has for seeing anything of the game, but all sport was impossible in the pitch-darkness to which we were treated. For cold, darkness, and general discomfort, I don't remember anything up to last Saturday for a long time. All the London matches of any importance had to be put off, and the only thing to console one was the splendid fight made by MacLaren's team in Australia. Of the first match of the tour we preferred not to talk, but it looks as if a word or two might be said about the present game.

The Victorian team is not quite so formidable as the South Australian Eleven, but they are good enough, and it was a fine piece of work to get them all out for 133 after scoring 166 in the first innings. To hit up 107 for one wicket down was even better work, and MacLaren's team look like upholding the credit of Old England this time.

## THE CASE OF MISS VANDERBILT WACKERMAN.

In the London papers of Thursday last there was published the story of Miss Helen Vanderbilt Wackerman, who attracted public attention to herself by leaving the Hôtel Cecil in an excited condition, and rushing, hatless and dishevelled, down the Strand and Fleet Street. On the opposite page appears a photograph of Miss Wackerman, who sat as an amateur model to Professor Herkomer for one of his pictures in this year's Academy.



CAPTAIN SPURWAY, R.M.A.,  
KILLED BY THE GUN EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE  
"ROYAL SOVEREIGN." (SEE PAGE 164.)

Photo by Russell, Southsea





MISS HELEN VANDERBILT WACKERMAN,

THE NOW FAMOUS AMERICAN BEAUTY WHO POSED AS THE MODEL FOR PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S ACADEMY PICTURE, ENTITLED  
"SEEING, I SAW NOT; HEARING NOT, I HEARD."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



## THE COUP OF CLARETIE.

**I**F ever there was an example of the danger of playing with edged tools (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), that has been supplied by Jules Claretie at the Comédie-Française. When I attempted to interview him, three weeks ago, when the national house of Molière was in a state of chaos, he simply assured me that he had nothing to say, and this said with a malicious smile. When the President of the Republic had signed a decree that at the end of twenty years' service a Sociétaire was entitled to a pension if Claretie did not ask that as a personal favour he might be allowed to continue to act, the Sociétaires showed a very wry face, while Claretie smiled. He had all his enemies under his thumb. Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Sylvain, and Mesdames Dudlay, Bartet, and half-a-dozen others had to await his good favour. He intends to act like a good fellow, and will forgive and forget.

Prince Christian of Denmark is having a bad attack of scarlatina, and his condition towards the end of last week gave rise to real anxiety. Prince Christian, who is one of the three future Kings of Denmark now living, has often been to this country, and is very popular with all his consins. Apart from this natural anxiety, which is now, fortunately, much allayed, the King and Queen both seem particularly well, and brilliant house-parties are once more the order of the day. King Edward finds time for everything. He continues to take the very keenest interest in the Wolferton Farm, and he lately sent several of his friends some valuable sheep bred by him there.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King to Visit Edinburgh.*

It was confidently expected that the King would visit Glasgow Exhibition when he came North to Balmoral in the autumn. Circumstances caused the Royal plans to be altered. According to Lord Provost Steel, Edinburgh people may expect a visit from the King next summer.

*"God Bless the Prince of Wales."*

Once more will be heard the old familiar tune which has enlivened many a festive and solemn gathering. The Sovereign has as keen an appreciation of the feelings and wishes of the British people as had Queen Victoria, but probably even His Majesty has been impressed and touched by the chorus of delighted approval which followed immediately on the formal change of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York into Prince and Princess of Wales. Still, for some time it will be difficult for most of us to realise that the familiar titles are not being used in reference to His Majesty and to Queen Alexandra, whose magic personality made once more, after a break of literally hundreds of years, popular and venerated the title borne by her for so long.

*Their Royal Highnesses' New Homes.*

It is authoritatively stated that the Prince and Princess of Wales will move into Marlborough House after Easter—that is to say, in time to have become thoroughly settled down before the Coronation. Their Royal Highnesses are also to have a residence on Deeside, and it is rumoured that they have selected, in place of Birkhall, where their parents spent several autumns following their marriage, Craigowan, a charming house which has been for long the residence of the King's Commissioner. It is also stated that, when the Court is at Windsor, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children will inhabit Frogmore.

*Soldiers All.*

Though the Kaiser has, happily, had no opportunity of testing his prowess as a Commander in the field of actual war, it is recognised in Germany that His Imperial Majesty is a born leader of men, and in his military capacity he is, as in everything

Prince Eitel Fritz.

Crown Prince William.

Prince Adalbert.



Prince Oscar.

Prince Joachim.

Prince August William.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SONS IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 1ST PRUSSIAN FOOT GUARDS.

Photo by Schaarschücker, Berlin.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA AND THEIR FAMILY.

Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

crack corps the 1st Prussian Foot Guards. It is a familiar and not unamusing sight at Potsdam to see one of the little Princes manfully stepping out by the side of a rank of gigantic Grenadiers in their quaint conical caps.

The photo shows all six in their Guards' uniform. The Crown Prince is nineteen, Prince Eitel Fritz eighteen, Prince Adalbert sixteen, Princes August William and Oscar thirteen and twelve respectively, and the youngest Grenadier of all—little Prince Joachim—though, like the rest, his breast is well decorated, will not complete his eleventh year till next month.

*The Czar as Husband and Father.*

King Edward and Queen Alexandra are certainly fortunate in most of their nephews and nieces. Both the Czar and the Emperor William—the one Potentate being, it will be remembered, Queen Alexandra's nephew, while the impulsive Kaiser calls our Sovereign uncle—are especially distinguished for their devotion to their wives and to their children. It is said by those who have lately had an opportunity of seeing the Imperial Russians *en famille* that nothing could exceed Nicholas the Second's affection for his four little girls—indeed, it may be doubted whether any one of them has ever had occasion to say to herself, "Oh, that I had been a boy instead of a girl!"

Royal personages have none of the false pride which characterises young fathers in humbler walks of life; they are never ashamed to be seen "dandling the baby," and, what is perhaps a greater ordeal, being photographed with their youngest-born. The Czar and Czarina have just gone back to St. Petersburg, where they have settled in at Skierniewice, the Windsor of Russia, for the winter months. It is expected that the Russian Imperial Family will be represented at the Coronation by the Grand Duke Serge, the Czar's uncle, and by his lovely Grand Duchess, who is King Edward's niece.



### Yorkshiremen in London.

Viscount Halifax presided, on Wednesday night, at a banquet at the Hôtel Cecil attended by over two hundred Yorkshiremen and Yorkshirewomen. It was the second Annual Banquet of the reconstituted Society of Yorkshiremen in London, and its success was an excellent testimony to the Council after two and a-half years' work. The proceedings were very enthusiastic and the speeches savoured not a little of egoism. Viscount Halifax, who is also the President of the Society for the current year, is so very enthusiastic a Yorkshireman that he could not refrain from suggesting that, among the counties of England, Yorkshire is first and the rest nowhere. Sir Albert K. Rollit and Sir Walter Peace, the Agent-General of Natal, followed in the same strain. Apart from this self-gratulation, there were many happy remarks made by the worthy Chairman in proposing the King's health. It may not be generally known that in Lord Halifax's schoolboy days no Eton boy was more often the companion of the young Prince Edward than he. In after life Viscount Halifax filled the office of Groom of the Chamber to the Prince of Wales from 1862 to 1870. He was speaking, therefore, with no mean advantage when he referred to the King's kindness of heart and his breadth of view in national affairs. Some instructive and startling remarks fell from the lips of Major Stoneham, C.M.G., in responding for the Imperial Forces. Major Stoneham commanded the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital, and believes ninety per cent. of typhoid could be avoided by an easy system of water-filtration. By the kindness of a member of the Council the guests at the dinner were presented with white roses of York.

### The late Sir Franklin Lushington.

Sir Franklin Lushington's illness was of so brief duration that his death came as a surprise to his friends and the public alike. His work as a police-magistrate covered a period of thirty-two years; he sat at the Thames Court from 1869 till 1899, when he was transferred to Bow Street to succeed Sir John Bridge as Chief Police Magistrate for London. The son of E. H. Lushington, who was Master of the Crown Office and afterwards Puisne Judge at Ceylon, he had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Classical Medallist in 1845. As a magistrate, Sir Franklin Lushington was noted for his capacity for giving the closest attention to every case, trivial as some might be, and for a uniform kindness towards all. He had taken all the evidence so far as submitted in the Krause case, which had his closest attention. At the time of the Crimean War, Sir Franklin Lushington gave to the world a volume of verse, "Wagers of Battle," which was reissued last year.

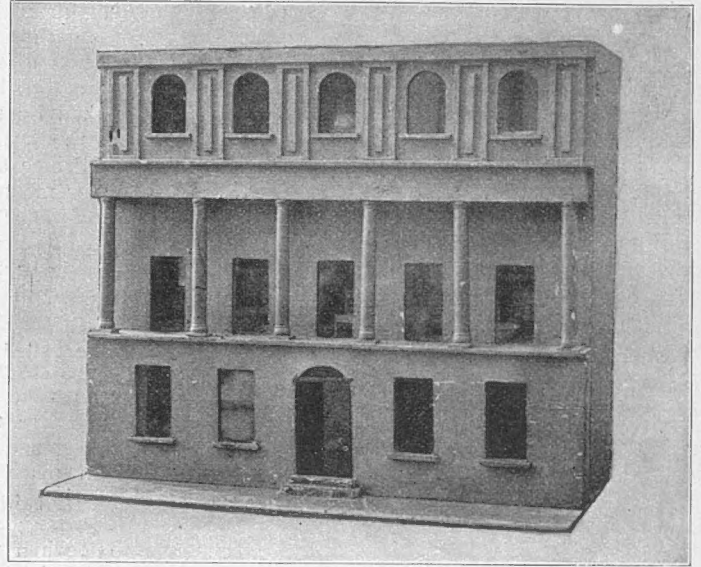
### Sir Ponsonby-Fane and Suburban Theatre Managers.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, who has been Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department since 1857, and has spent close upon sixty years in the public service, was the recipient, the other day, of a tangible proof of the regard entertained for him by the Managers of suburban theatres, who took occasion to express their appreciation of his work in the delicate duty he had to perform in the Lord Chamberlain's office relating to the licensing of theatres. At a meeting at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, attended by nearly all the leading suburban Managers, a handsome silver salver was presented to Sir Spencer, who is nearing his seventy-eighth birthday and is retiring from active duty. It had the following inscription: "Presented to the Right Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane by London Suburban Theatrical Managers on his retirement, as a mark of respect and

gratitude for his unfailing courtesy and kindness." The presentation was made by Mr. G. E. Sanders, Manager of the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, and was acknowledged by the recipient in an amusing and touching speech.

### Queen Victoria's Doll's-House.

One of the most valuable and unique exhibits at the forthcoming Christmas Children's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace will be the doll's-house which Queen Victoria played with at Kensington Palace when, as Princess Victoria, she resided there with her mother, the Duchess of Kent.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLL'S-HOUSE, TO BE SHOWN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE CHILDREN'S EXHIBITION THIS WINTER.

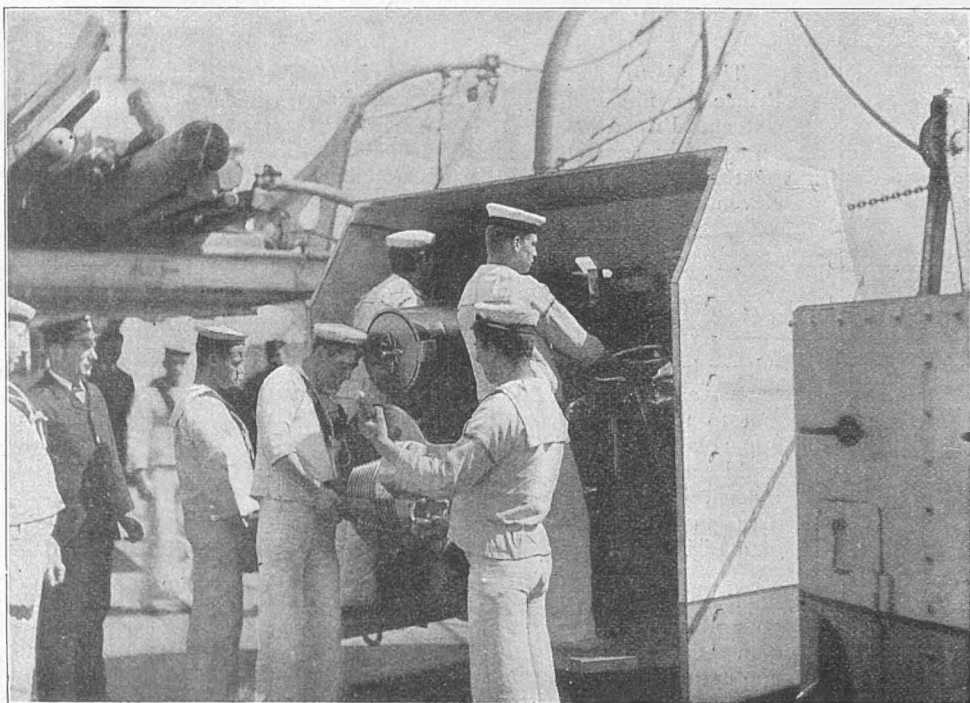
Built on the lines of Buckingham Palace, with the six large columns, which, of course, give the house a more than ordinarily commanding appearance, it is a plaything which is sure to call forth expressions of envious delight from the youngsters. Apart, however, from its many happy historic associations and the memories it will recall of the almost sudden leap of the young Princess from the quiet days of childhood to the cares and worries of State, a more striking instance of the simplicity and homeliness of the child-life of "England's greatest Queen" would be difficult to find. The house is well furnished with the toys which the young Princess spent so many happy hours in arranging and re-arranging, but that which is sure to attract more than usual attention, both from the children and their elders, will be the two carpets which the late Queen worked with her own hands.

### The Disaster on the "Royal Sovereign."

No one can have heard of the serious disaster on board H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign*, a few days ago, without feelings of the deepest regret for the accident itself and of sympathy with the unfortunate victims of it and their friends. The melancholy event occurred during gun-practice off the Greek coast and was attended with great loss of life. It appears that, while the men were handling a 6-inch gun, the cartridge ignited before the breech was closed, with the result that the breech-block was blown out. The previous charge had missed fire, and it is supposed that a portion of the smouldering cartridge which was left behind caused the fresh charge to explode. The casualty-list includes no less than one officer and five men killed, and a great many more or less severely wounded. Among the killed is Captain Spurway, R.M.A., and among the severely injured Commander Sir K. Arbuthnot, R.N. Captain Humphry Weston Spurway was in his twenty-seventh year. He joined the Marines in 1892, becoming Lieutenant the following year and Captain in 1898. In April of the next year he was appointed to the *Royal Sovereign*.

### "Nothing Nicer than Nice."

A certain Imperial lady who prides herself on her knowledge of colloquial English is said to have once delighted the late British Consul at Nice by declaring that, to her mind, "there is nothing nicer than Nice." The august lady's opinion seems to be shared by quite a number of Royal personages, who, if they do not actually live in the town, reside within a short drive of it. Beaulieu will shortly be thrilled by the presence of Santos-Dumont. He has been invited to take up his quarters there by the Prince of Monaco, who is intensely interested in the young aeronaut, and who has given him a site on the sea-shore in order that he may there construct at his ease an even more wonderful flying-machine than that of which the Parisians have had so many glimpses.



THE 6-INCH GUN ON THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" WHICH RECENTLY EXPLODED, CAUSING THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPURWAY, R.M.A., AND FIVE MEN AND INJURING MANY OTHERS.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



*An Interesting Career.*

Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox has had a more varied and interesting life than that which usually falls to the lot of a British Duke's second son. Though he can claim to be an old Etonian, he left the famous school when most modern Etonians are entering it—that is, before he was fifteen. Then followed three years in the Navy, but, as seems to be the case with many young men, he felt he had mistaken his vocation, and so his parents allowed him to go into the Army. Lord Algernon has seen a great deal of active service, from the days when he served with the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards in Egypt to the present South African Campaign.

*An Ideal Country House.*

Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox have an ideal country house, Broughton Castle, near Banbury, being in its way as beautiful and picturesque as is the world-famous home of Lady Algernon's sister, Lady Warwick. When there, Lord Algernon, generally in the company of his only child, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, is able to indulge in his two favourite outdoor sports, hunting and fishing. Like all his family, he is devoted to horses, and what he does not know about them is little worth knowing.

*"Full of Years and Honours."*

Many people, King Edward and Lord Salisbury included, must have felt a sense of personal loss on hearing of the death of Jane, Lady Carew, the venerable old Irish gentlewoman who, had she lived but a month longer, would have celebrated her hundred-and-third birthday! Lady Carew never feared to speak of '98, for she was born during that most eventful period of Irish history, at Holyhead, her mother having fled from Ireland in an open boat to escape the fury of the rebels, for her father was a well-known military man, and, as such, not dear to the Irish patriots of that day. It is hard to believe that the late Lady Carew had already been a wife two years when Queen Victoria was born. Her husband, the first Lord Carew, was the grandfather of the present Peer, who himself is over forty. Lady Carew inhabited a charming house, Woodstown, in County Waterford; she was a great local celebrity, and to the end always enjoyed seeing her neighbours, rich and poor, and entertaining them with wonderful stories of all she had heard and seen.

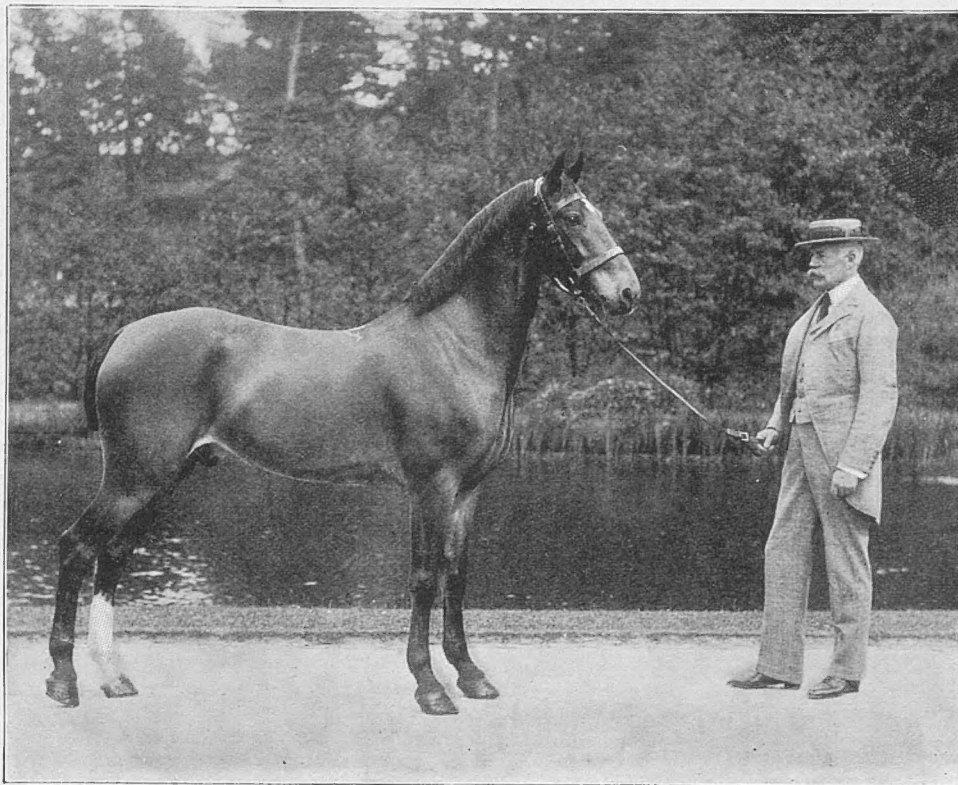
*"The Finest House in the Kingdom."*

Hamilton Palace, to which the Duke of Hamilton will shortly bring home a new Duchess, has been described as "the finest house in the kingdom." It is certainly one of the largest mansions in the world, and presents a most imposing appearance. Before the late Duke dispersed his marvellous collections, the Palace contained art-treasures superior in value and rarity to most Royal collections, and the sale, held at Christie's, attracted buyers from all over the world. The then Duke was, of course, precluded from selling any heirlooms, and, accordingly, Hamilton Palace still contains a goodly store of beautiful things, and, as

the present Duke and his sisters have very good taste, they have made the Palace more home-like than it has been for many a long year.

*A Sword of Honour.*

Among the many recipients of testimonials of one sort and another in connection with the War will soon be numbered the gallant Major-General Plumer, C.B., A.D.C., and, appropriately enough, the gift will take the shape of a sword of honour subscribed for by the inhabitants of far-off



LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

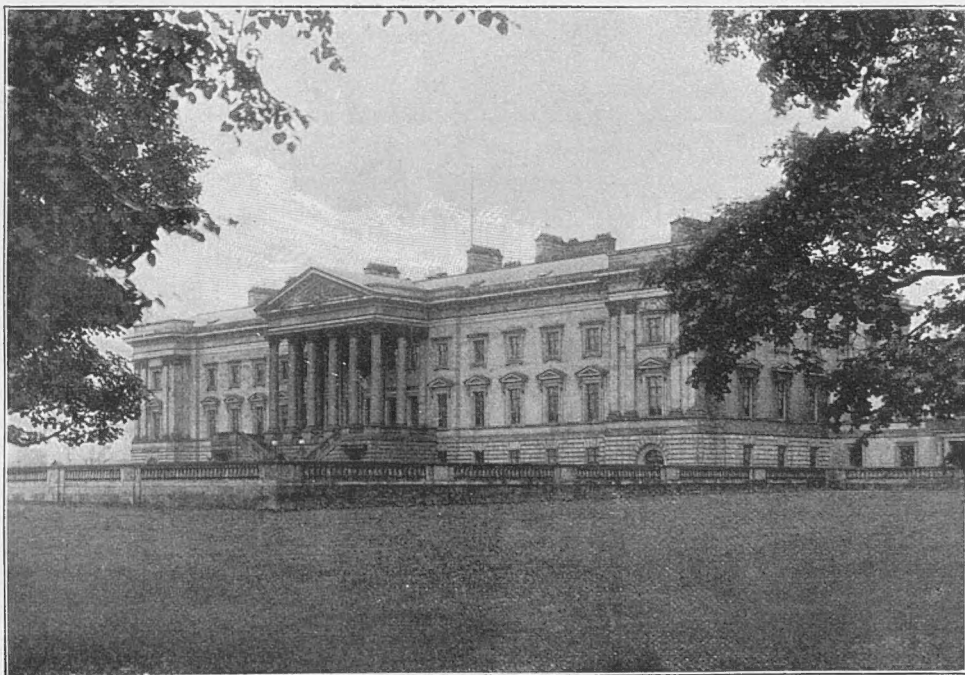
Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Bulawayo. Things have, indeed, altered since "Lo Ben's" days! The sword, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, has a solid gold handle, and the blade is also beautifully inlaid with the same precious metal. The steel case is richly ornamented with wrought gold and embellished with the General's monogram, and a floriated scroll-work contains a record of the principal engagements in which General Plumer has fought, in the Soudan, Matabeleland, and South Africa. This superb weapon is to be forwarded to South Africa for presentation, as a mark of appreciation for the soldierly qualities General Plumer has displayed throughout the present War.

All lovers of the Earnest Drama—the drama wherein literary finish is a strong factor—will regret that Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, "The Sentimentalist," has been withdrawn from the Duke of York's after a three weeks' run. Although the theme of Mr. Esmond's drama was sad—and, indeed, often painful—it presented so much sterling quality and gave so many opportunities for fine acting, not only to Mr. Lewis Waller, but to "all concerned," that all well-wishers of the stage, as well as this brilliant young dramatist's many admirers, will be sorry to find this able work so summarily dismissed from public performance, while so many trivial and even worthless plays are allowed to hold the boards. Mr. Esmond has gone on a short visit to America, in order to produce there his bright and charming St. James's comedy, "The Wilderness."

*The Sunny South Once More.*

It would seem as if the Riviera is likely to be more popular this year than ever, the more so that now this country and *la belle France* are on better terms than usual. Many English people who abstained from visiting their regular Southern haunts during the last two years have now returned with joy to lively Nice, to demure Mentone, to smart Cannes, and to that spot of dangerous delights "where little Monaco basking smiles." From a social point of view, Cannes remains easily first, and many of the best villas are already let, one of those most charmingly situated, the Villa Valetta, having been taken by Lord and Lady Wolverton. Royalty will be represented by such habitués as the Count and Countess Caserta and the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby.



HAMILTON PALACE, WHITHER THE DUKE OF HAMILTON WILL SHORTLY BRING HOME HIS BRIDE.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.



To "Break the Bank at Monte Carlo."

A great number of people, all of them with infallible "systems," have tried it, and tried it in vain. But, undismayed by these dismal examples, Lord Rosslyn cheerfully and blithely announces not only that he proposes to make the attempt, but that he is certain of great and splendid success. So sure is he of breaking the bank—of reducing Monte Carlo to bankruptcy—that he is engaged in forming a company to work out his "system." A short time ago he tried to float a company for this purpose, with a capital of £20,000; now, his "system" is so much more perfect that he thinks he can accomplish his object with half, or even a quarter, of that amount. In an apartment in 91 and 93, Jermyn Street, he has been demonstrating to admiring friends for the last ten or twelve days how easy it is to win great coups. Reinforced by a big chart covered with mathematical figures and hieroglyphics that remind one of the ancient Egyptian papyri, to say nothing of a croupier specially imported from Ostend, he shows there is no difficulty whatever in making a large and steadily growing fortune. *Nous verrons!* The directors of Monte Carlo, strange to say, are not shaking in their shoes.

"The Shadow Dance," as adapted by Mr. Ben Landeck from Victor Hugo's romance, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," has, after a short

suburban trial-trip, reached the Princess's, where it is being enacted by Mr. Charles Cartwright and a strong Company. If, as many assert, Princess's patrons are yearning for powerful and picturesque melodrama, then "The Shadow Dance" should run there well up to next January, when Mr. Van Biene and Co. will commence there a run of that long-touring 'cello drama, "The Broken Melody." It has been officially stated that the Princess's run of this play must be "limited to one hundred nights."

At the Palace Theatre there has been revived "La Baigneuse," a very charming, half-mythological sketch

It gives Miss Ethel



LORD ROSSLYN, A MAN WITH A "SYSTEM."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

written by G. R. Sims, with music by Ivan Caryll. Ross-Selwicke an opportunity of displaying singular grace and much terpsichorean ability. The sketch is beautifully mounted. Another excellent sketch "turn" is "La Surprise," in which Miss Sylvia Thorne, by the aid of an assistant dressed exactly like her down to the last button, gives the illusion of reflection in a huge mirror by simultaneous mimicry of every motion. The American Biograph pictures are, as usual, very much up-to-date. One of the most interesting is "Santos-Dumont's Aërial Flight Round the Eiffel Tower."

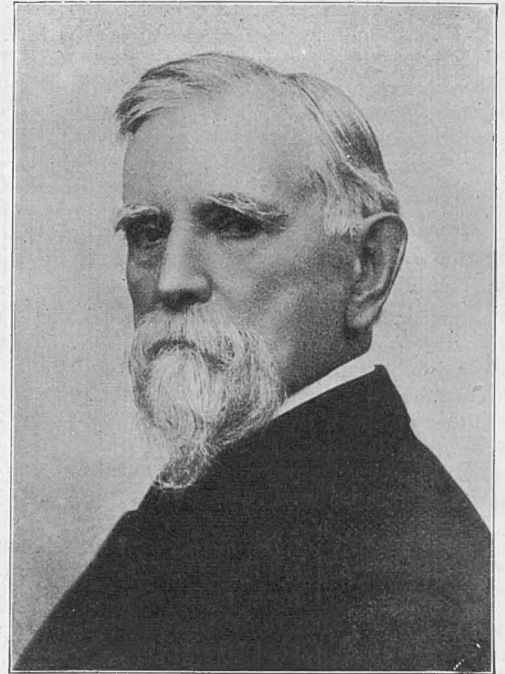
An Interesting Group.

Lord and Lady Granby's children form an interesting as well as an exceptionally pretty group of young people. Lord Roos of Belvoir, who is just seventeen, will in course of time become Duke of Rutland. Of their three daughters, the eldest, who is one of the late Sovereign's many god-daughters, will be among the Coronation débutantes. She is gifted as well as very pretty, and has inherited her mother's wonderful artistic gifts. The Manners family have generally lived up to their fine motto, "In Order to Accomplish," and the Duke of Rutland's grandchildren may well be proud of their immediate forbears, who include the present venerable head of the house, known to a former generation as Lord John Manners, and the late Colonel Charles Hugh Lindsay, who was for many years one of the most trusted and faithful friends and servants of Queen Victoria and of the Prince Consort.

Among the numerous new theatres which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, the celebrated architect, is commissioned to design is a Morocco playhouse.

This is to be the exclusive property of the Sultan. For the opening play it would only be fitting to select Mr. Arthur Branscombe's long-popular play, "Morocco Bound," which was once the fashionable musical mixture, and has been touring ever since its first production at the Shaftesbury in the early 'nineties.

General Lew Wallace, whose latest portrait I give, is the world-renowned author of the religious romance "Ben Hur," a book which in the United States is a classic the sale of which is equalled only by Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." General Wallace, who obtained his rank in the Mexican and Civil Wars, was Governor of New Mexico some twenty years ago, and United States Minister to Turkey for four years between 1881-5, and it was during his Governorship that he wrote "Ben Hur." For a long time, General Wallace strenuously opposed any dramatisation of his work, but at length consented after reading an adaptation which surmounted the difficulty of omitting Jesus the Nazarene, who figures largely in the book. In all probability, the aged author will next spring journey from his home in Indiana to see the play produced at Easter at Drury Lane Theatre.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE,  
AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR," TO BE PRODUCED AT DRURY LANE  
NEXT EASTER.

Copyright 1901 by Rockwood, New York.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, despite her "Farewell" performance at the Royalty last Saturday (the 16th inst.), is giving "extra" matinées there to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow of Björnson's strange "miracle" play—or play about miracles—entitled "Beyond Human Power." Mrs. Campbell, who embarks for her first visit to America on Dec. 4, has secured several new plays to take with her, in addition to such well-tried pieces as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Pelléas and Mélisande," &c. The new pieces include a drama by Mr. E. F. Benson, third son of the late Archbishop and author of "Dodo"; a little piece called "Gipsy Marie," by Miss Smedley; and a new adaptation by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier of Dumas fils' "problem" play, "Diane de Lys." Some eighteen or perchance nineteen years ago, Mr. James Mortimer adapted "Diane de Lys," under the title of "Diane."



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY'S CHILDREN.

Photo by Thomson.



*The King's Birthday.*

With the exception of the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, together with several other members of the British Embassy, being invited to lunch at the Royal Palace at Potsdam, no notice whatever was taken in Berlin of the King's birthday (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It is true that one or two private families foregathered, to the number of perhaps a dozen, to celebrate the event, but no official notice of the auspicious day was taken. The English community at Cologne, on the other hand, was far more loyal, and, under the leadership of the English Consul, held a formal dinner to celebrate the event. There is, it must be confessed, a great lack of *esprit de corps* noticeable among the English colony in Berlin. With the exception of a few small dances given during the winter months by the Anglo-American Club, nothing is done at all the whole year round by the English community as a whole. The Americans set a much better example in this direction, the chief representatives in their midst constantly bestirring themselves, to the mutual benefit of the whole colony in the German Capital.

The only "function" at all deserving of the name held by the English in Berlin is the "Conversazione," or concert followed by a

Americans of every creed; now, a new church is to be built in the west of the town with money presented, for the most part, by the millionaire, Mr. Rockefeller. As a matter of fact, however, I understand that the church will be undenominational in character; some even go so far as to say that it ought to be called the new "chapel," not "church." The most prominent Americans in Berlin are, as is only natural, the Ambassador and Ambassadors, Mr. and Mrs. White—the Ambassadors, by the way, being an Englishwoman of great ability and charm—and the Consul-General and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, who are both absolutely indefatigable in furthering the interests of their countrymen and countrywomen abroad. Mr. Mason is, indeed, a perfect model of a Consul; he works all day and every day without ceasing, and is quite celebrated all over the world for his full and detailed Consular reports. He it was, too, who hastened off suddenly only the other day to advise his colleagues as to the best means to employ for releasing the lady missionary, Miss Stone.

During the last week the American community have been attending most interesting lectures on Italian Art, given on behalf of the American Women's Club by a Miss Zimmern, a well-known Florentine lecturer. The lectures in question were, indeed, most excellent, and were graphically explained by marvellously well-prepared photographs, those representing



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

dance, held under the auspices of the English Chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A., on behalf of some deserving charity. This year the money collected by this means will be given to the North Sea Fisheries. When one considers that the English in the German Capital number over two thousand, it seems a great pity that so little is done to remind them that they form a corporate whole, even though they are resident in a foreign country. This seems all the more regrettable, too, in view of the fact that the Germans never let an opportunity slip to express their candid opinion about the War in the Transvaal. Candid friends are all very well, but sometimes their good offices are liable to become somewhat superfluous. In this case it is natural that English residents in Berlin prefer to enjoy the company of their own countrymen rather than that of their hypercritical German hosts.

*Americans in Berlin.*

Now that the winter season is again beginning, Berlin once more swarms with foreigners, and with Americans more than any other nationality, even more than with English. The concert-halls, theatres, galleries, and music high schools are zealously attended by students of music and art from the United States, concerts are given by American artists, lectures are held in the American Women's Club, and now the first sod has just been cut for the foundation-stone of the new American Church. Hitherto the English Church of St. George's has been regularly attended by

the members of the House of Medici being especially admired. It must not be imagined, however, that all the Americans in Berlin are students; most of the female element are so, it is true, but quite a large number of American business-men carry on trade here, and apparently with no mean success. Besides them, too, very many Americans practise here as dentists—in fact, the Kaiser's dentist is an American; they all succeed very well in extracting not only teeth, but also enormous fees from the richer inhabitants of Berlin.

*The German Empress.*

No little discussion has been going on lately (adds my Berlin Correspondent) respecting the alleged weak health of Her Majesty the German Empress. Some even went so far as to say that Her Majesty was really quite seriously ill and would not be allowed by the doctors to winter in Potsdam or Berlin. I am able to state that the Kaiserin's health gives no cause for alarm. It is true that for some time Her Majesty was laid up with a slight indisposition to which Empresses as well as other humbler folk are liable, but there never was any cause for alarm. It is reported from Abbazia that the authorities have been ordered to look out for a suitable villa for Her Majesty, and it is even stated that a particular one has been chosen, to be ready as early as January for the Royal visitor. It is, however, not yet known officially that the Kaiserin intends proceeding thither before spring.



### *The New Mayor of New York.*

The recent elections in New York have resulted in the complete defeat of the famous, or infamous, Tammany organisation. By an overwhelming majority, the Hon. Seth Low has been chosen Mayor, on what was known as the "Fusionist" ticket; and what is termed "Crokerism" disappears—at any rate, for a time. The new Mayor was the unsuccessful candidate of the "reform" party at the previous election,



THE HON. SETH LOW (NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK), THE "TAMMANY ROUTER."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

when he was defeated by Mr. Van Wyck. He has taken a leading part in public works and municipal effort in Brooklyn, and only recently resigned the post of President of Columbia University, New York. Much is expected from Mr. Low. When his election was ascertained beyond possibility of doubt, President Roosevelt wired him, "I congratulate the city even more than I do you upon the overwhelming triumph of forces of decency." To which the newly elected Mayor returned the reply, "Your hearty congratulations have done me good." But it remains to be seen whether Mr. Low will succeed in cleansing what is admittedly the worst and most corrupt municipal government in the United States. It has been essayed before, but, perhaps, not with so high a prospect of success.

### *Royal Courts of Justice Staff Concert.*

To the layman the Law does not, as a rule, suggest music, though he occasionally has to "pay the piper" without even the privilege of "calling the tune." However, he may without apprehension wend his way to the Portman Rooms on Thursday, the 28th inst., when a Grand Bohemian Concert will be given in aid of the Sick and Provident Fund of the Royal Courts of Justice Attendant Staff. Unlike the higher-placed officials, the members of this Society are not entitled to any pension on retirement, but, aided by Lord Alverstone, Mr. Justice Kekewich, and others, they have succeeded in establishing a Fund on an actuarial and solvent basis. The future prosperity of this is, however, greatly dependent upon the proceeds of the Annual Concert and the donations and subscriptions of well-wishers. Mr. Justice Bigham will on this occasion take the chair, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., the vice-chair, and a large number of talented professionals and amateurs have volunteered their services in a most praiseworthy cause, so that those *Sketch* readers who would like to spend a thoroughly enjoyable evening and at the same time help those who are manfully endeavouring to help themselves should bear in mind the date of the concert.

### *A Member and a Gentleman.*

Sir Henry Fletcher, who has been created a Privy Councillor, is known in the House of Commons as one of its finest gentlemen. His manners are very considerate and courteous. Although a keen Tory, he listens to all men with the same patience and attention, and he treats all members alike. During the twenty-one years he has been in the House, Sir Henry Fletcher has spoken very rarely except on Volunteer affairs. He is content to support the Unionist Government in silence, and he gives the Whips little or no trouble. His colleagues will be pleased to hail him

henceforth as "Right Honourable." As he was known as a friend of the King when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, his Privy Councillorship may be regarded in a personal sense as a mark of Royal favour.

*A Fighting Prince.* Prince Alexander of Teck, K.C.V.O., is about to proceed to South Africa with his regiment, the 7th Hussars. This will be his third experience of active service there, for he was in Rhodesia in the campaign of 1896, and in Natal when the present hostilities broke out at the end of 1899. On this second occasion, the Prince went out as a volunteer, for his own regiment (in which, by the way, he holds the rank of Captain) was then stationed in England. A brother officer of his is Prince Arthur of Connaught. He joined the regiment, from Sandhurst, only a few months ago.

### *A "Plague of Women" Story.*

Feminine society throughout India is reported to be clamouring for the life-blood of a Calcutta editor who inserted the following story in a recent issue of his paper. Among the contingent of volunteer "nurses" in South Africa was (so runs the anecdote) a certain lady from Simla, who, for her constant defiance of the medical regulations, was not greatly beloved by the military medicos with whom she came into contact. Serenely indifferent to this, however, she continued to feed enteric patients on chocolate-creams and smuggle cigarettes into surgical wards to her heart's content, and generally contrived to make herself an anything but "ministering angel" to the unfortunate invalids. Going one afternoon to the bedside of her "favourite hero" (a stalwart Highlander, by the way), she found him snoring blissfully, with a piece of paper on which was scrawled "Too ill to be nussed to-day" pinned to his pillow.

### *"Bobs' Right-Hand Man.*

During the absence in South Africa of Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton, the responsible duties of Military Secretary at the War Office are to be performed by Lieutenant-General Lord William Seymour. Although a redoubtable soldier, and one who has seen much active service, Lord William's first love was the Royal Navy. From 1851-1854 he served on board the Fleet, during which period he took part in the operations in the Baltic and was present at the capture of Bomarsund. Exchanging then his blue coat for a red one, he joined the Coldstream Guards in 1855, and went out to the Crimea with his regiment shortly afterwards. His next experience of campaigning was gained in Egypt under Lord Wolseley. He commanded the troops in the Southern District for five years, from 1891 to 1896. Shortly after relinquishing this appointment, he was selected for the command of the forces in Canada. He remained in the Dominion for a couple of years, returning home in the early part of 1900. Lord William, who was born in 1838, is the younger brother of the fifth Marquis of Hertford.

Here is an interesting picture apropos of Colonel Arthur Lynch's (of the Transvaal Irish Brigade) candidacy for the representation of Galway in Parliament. It shows Colonel Lynch conversing with President Roosevelt during the former's recent trip to the States on behalf of the Boers. The notorious Colonel is in the centre of the group.

Colonel Arthur Lynch.



President Roosevelt.

COLONEL LYNCH CONVERSING WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

"Max O'Rell" as  
"Figaro."

For a good many years past, England has entertained (with all her usual hospitality and something more—especially in literary and artistic London) the gentleman known to all the world as "Max O'Rell," and to his



M. PAUL BLOUET ("MAX O'RELL"),  
NEW EDITOR OF THE PARIS "FIGARO."

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

friends and acquaintances as M. Blouet. During his sojourn (exile?) amongst us he has been a welcome and a distinguished figure at not a few gatherings of some note, and he has seldom failed on such occasions to add something to the gaiety and brightness of the feast or the party. Now, he has said "Good-bye" to these shores, and, comfortably seated in the editorial chair of my contemporary, *Le Figaro*, he says his say on men and things, not forgetting British men and things. Considering the rampant and not at all disguised Anglo-phobia which infects nearly the whole Parisian and French Press, M. Blouet has a fine opportunity of returning some of the kindness and attention

he received here by showing us in our true colours—not as the enemies of *la belle France*, but as her very good friends, if she will only let us be so.

I had never imagined that the mere fact of addressing a lady as "Mademoiselle" or "Madame" was equivocal, and even painful to those of the fair sex (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). That mild and pointless illusion is destroyed. It seems that, once a man has entered his teens, he is treated as "Monsieur," and that the same appellation sticks to him when he affects a bath-chair or crutches. On the other hand, ladies who are "left on the shelf," so to speak, groan under the suggestive expression of "Mademoiselle" even when the Summer of St. Martin is over and the fifties are in the neighbourhood. Therefore, by decision of the French Woman's Emancipation League, it is decided that all ladies, single or married, after the age of fifteen shall be addressed as "Madame." After all, it would save some confusion and simplify matters.

France and the  
English Budget.

In view of the colossal deficit in their Budget, the French are taking a keen interest in the approaching action of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. I travelled the other night to Versailles with one of the most powerful members of the French Budget Committee. "I could," he said, "regulate your Budget to-morrow if only you would allow me to tax the matches." In reply to a hazardous criticism, he said, "It is no hard tax on the French—it is a lesson in economy. If you see a Frenchman, you will notice that he will go twenty yards in order to get some shelter before he wastes a match. An Englishman wastes half-a-box in the teeth of a gale of wind. Before the Englishman had learned economy, you would have £20,000,000 in your Exchequer, if the tax was based on the same principle as in France." Casual railway chats have always interested me, and so I give this.

Michael as Jockey.

I saw the famous cyclist rider twice up as jockey. He announces that he will return to France in the spring and devote himself entirely to the saddle. He does not shape promisingly. Force of habit on the bike has taught him to imagine a pace-maker in front, and, when he attempts to get his horse through, its right and left swerving suggests that he has little strength in his arms.

Madame de  
Maintenon and the  
Censor.

It was far back in the eighteenth century that Madame de Maintenon induced the King to found a Censure, as she was aggrieved at some reference to herself in a play. From that date no playwright, from Molière to Dumas, has escaped the blue pencil of Anastasia. The present war that Brioux has waged is Homeric, and over his suppressed "L'Avariés" the life of the Censure depends. It was a strange sight, that private reading of the play to the literati of the world of the play at Antoine's theatre. Zola rested his head on his hand and listened calmly in a crouching position; de Blowitz seemed to feel that he embodied the calm indifference of the *Times*; Henri Rochefort, who was my neighbour, put his eyes one inch further inside his beetling brows; and the doctors from the famous Hôpital de Saint Louis listened with their hands to their ears. The vote was dead against the Censor.

The Cupus Boom.

It would seem to me that Alfred Capus is paying the penalty of his over-exaggeration. Instead of leaving well alone for the moment when he took the town by storm with his "La Veine," he hurried on "La Petite Fonctionnaire" for the Nouveautés, and the season opened with three theatres producing his works. Although he has a very human pen, there is a strong family likeness in all his comedies, and in another week he will not be represented on the Paris stage. I am sorry I cannot say one single word in praise of "Le Bon Moyen," with which the Nouveautés has replaced his "Petite Fonctionnaire." Bisson has never written anything less interesting, and the way in which the actresses are thrown into the back-row is ridiculous.

I take the following from the always interesting column of Paris gossip in the *Referee*—

An appeal to the charitable, and particularly to Marchand, of the Folies-Bergères, and the Directors of the Châtelet, to come to the aid of La Baronne de Rahden, one of the glories of the circus-ring, is being made. Hers is a history of terrible tragedy. Fatally beautiful, she infatuated a Danish officer, whom her husband fought once in a duel at Copenhagen and then shot dead at Clermont-Ferrand. Almost before the body was cold, she accepted an engagement at the Folies, and was hissed off. Very shortly after, when her maid called her in the morning, she asked her why she had awakened her in the middle of the night. In her sleep she had been stricken blind for ever. The same night she appeared in the ring at Nice, with the firm determination to be thrown from her horse and die. She was terribly mutilated in her fall, but her life was saved. As beautiful as she ever was, and with eyes that give no indication that they are dead, the poor girl is starving in a garret at Neuilly. *Sic transit!*



LA BARONNE DE RAHDEN, FORMERLY ONE OF THE GLORIES OF THE CIRCUS-RING IN PARIS,  
BUT NOW IN SORE NEED OF HELP.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





## AN ORGIE OF ENNUI—AND A SOLEMN WARNING.

IT is one of the privileges of your inordinately favoured sex, Dollie dear, that you are never expected, or even allowed, to attend smoking-concerts. You often complain to me of the hideous dulness of Hearts Parties, the sheer inanity of Book Teas, the colossal idiocy of Ping-Pong Tournaments, but I tremble to think of the virile expletives that you might feel justified in calling to your aid if you suddenly found yourself compelled to attend a series of smoking-concerts.

Let me expatiate. My first grievance against this particular form of slow torture—I am dealing, of course, with the London variety—is that the programme is invariably invariable. The chronic sufferer could not only tell you, long beforehand, who will appear and what he will sing, but he could also recite for you the words of the songs that are about to be given and reproduce the business with all that absence of humour and presence of mechanical exaggeration that custom seems to have rendered necessary. Nevertheless, mind you, he goes to six smoking-concerts a week, and this not merely for the reason that the habit has grown upon him, but also because he really takes a sort of ghoulish interest in being gradually wearied to death.

Although blessed with a wonderful constitution, I feel sure that I shall eventually succumb to the effects of these orgies of ennui, and I should therefore like to leave behind me some sort of warning for the benefit of those too easily persuaded bachelors who shall come after me. As to married men, if I see them at these functions I augur the worst. I used to think once that, if I married, the new interests and ties might help me to keep away from smoking-concerts. Now, I fear, the matter has gone too far, and I



THE CONCERTINA ARTISTE.

shall probably expire in the act of applauding a screeching solo on the concertina or a moth-eaten joke delivered by a comedian whose only justification for the title is the smudge of red applied to the tip of the nose.

The smoking-concert comedian is a creature apart. He cannot be classified with any other known form of bore. He thrives only in fetid atmospheres and fuggy rooms, and must, on that account, I think, have had his origin in the Ark. He lives, apparently, upon cheap cigars and bad whisky: perhaps it is the combination of the two that makes his nose that peculiar colour. Another of his characteristics is that he never sings a published song, but hands to his accompanist a rather grimy manuscript, resembling, as regards colour and shape, the leaves of the oak in autumn.

Domestically, he is the most unfortunate man, I should imagine, in the length and breadth of the universe. His mother-in-law is a constant trial to him; his wife spends most of her time lurking in dark corners with offensive weapons in the shape of flat-irons or broom-handles; his elder children wear out their boots and clothing at a preposterous rate, whilst the baby finds a perpetual pleasure in making her fantastically garbed parent walk the floor from midnight to cock-crow. His landlord, of course, is never off the doorstep; the bailiff's men occupy the kitchen from Tuesday morning to Saturday night; and when he sits in his strip of back-garden on Sunday mornings the neighbours empty egg-shells and potato-peelings on to those wonderful, Aubrey-Beardsley-designed trousers.

So much for the comedian.



The concertina artiste, although a man of sorrows so acute that they bedrattle his hair and map out his face into a network of tram-lines, nevertheless finds a vent for the agonies of his soul in the imp-designed apparatus with which he makes the screeching. There is not, there could not be, an instrument more capable of inflicting torture by a process of skin-chilling suggestion than the concertina. The very sight of it galvanises me into a state of anticipatory horror; the sound of it reduces me to that condition of poignant misery that is so eminently in keeping with one of these ghoulish ceremonies.

But a stranger being, if possible, than either the comedian or the concertina artiste is the chairman. For my part, and with all my varied experiences of the matter, I never can understand how a man is induced to take the chair at a smoking-concert. It cannot be the desire for Fame, since the one man who is generally unpopular with the audience is the chairman. If the entertainment begins to flag, it is at the chairman that malevolent glances are directed; it is the chairman for whose benefit feet are shuffled, glasses rattled, knuckles rapped on tables. Again, should he chance to be of that eccentric temperament that finds a genuine pleasure in the depressing performances of stout baritones, pale tenors, and impossibly childish-looking trebles, he couldn't choose a worse place, from the reveller's point of view, than the one situated immediately behind the gentlemen who oblige. Sometimes the chairman sits in front of the platform, but, speaking for myself, I would rather meet death in the shape of a Boer bullet than be whisked into eternity with a basso-drilled hole in the back of my head.

On the whole, then, dear Dollie, I think you will agree with me that it is better for a young man to get married and spend his evenings playing bear with the children than to remain a bachelor for the benefit of a few palaeocryptic curiosities whose ultimate destination will probably be the British Museum. I am willing to admit, of course, that playing bear is a tiring and even painful form of recreation; but, at any rate, it does amuse the children, and is therefore infinitely preferable to a smoking-concert, which amuses nobody. I could make a great many more remarks of this kind now that I am in a sufficiently pessimistic mood, but the desperate truth of the matter is that I have to hurry away—to a smoking-concert. In case I do not survive the evening, I should like you to keep this letter in memory of one who loved all his fellow-men with the exception of those weird people who go through life with a little splash of red applied to the tip of the nose. It is possible that, in the event of anything happening, this document may be read aloud at the inquest. In this case, Dollie dear, I implore you, for the sake of the youth of this country, to persuade the reporter present to quote my warning in full. And, to make a good job of it, you had better give him a shilling.



Chicot



## A SAVOY SNAPSHOT: GILBERT'S SUCCESSOR AND HIS LATEST LIBRETTI.

Some things are very useful to take over with a lease, and among these—if your lease is a theatre-lease—is a good librettist. When Messrs. William Greet and E. C. Englebach, therefore, took over from Mrs. D'Oyly Carte a twenty-one years' lease of that old-established

promoted to be the Savoy's "resident" author. Since then he has provided Savoyards with the Oriental opera called "The Rose of Persia," and the Hibernian comedy entitled "The Emerald Isle." The last-named was so complete a piece that it could be played without



CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD,

AUTHOR OF "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA" AND "THE WILLOW PATTERN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

firm, the Savoy, they were certainly wise in taking over Captain Basil Hood. From having at first written a piece or two there while Mr. W. S. Gilbert—still our greatest comic-opera librettist—stood down awhile, Captain Hood was, on that famous humorist's retirement,

music, and so sweet and dainty a work that it deserved a far longer run than it had at the Savoy. The two most uncertain things on Earth, however, are Life and Theatrical Enterprise, with, as Mr. Arthur Roberts has it, "the accent on" the latter. So it chanced, beautifully, as



"The Emerald Isle" was written, composed, staged, and acted, this work of Captain Hood's, with music by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Edward German, suddenly experienced a "drop" in the business. The Savoy's new Managers, being men of practical wisdom, forthwith devised a change of bill, selecting two pieces by the same librettist, who hath a truly dainty and droll touch, and, while lacking something of Mr. Gilbert's more exuberant humour, certainly possesses more of the romantic spirit.

The chief of the two pieces just chosen for Savoy use is "Ib and Little Christina," and the other "The Willow Pattern." The first-named is a somewhat revised version of the Hans Christian Andersen play ("in three panels") which Mr. Martin Harvey produced at the Prince of Wales's nearly eighteen months ago, with himself as the grown-up Ib and Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond) as the grown-up Christina—both beautiful impersonations. At the Savoy these characters are artistically rendered by Mr. Robert Evett and the fascinating Miss Louie Pounds, while the disillusioned Ib's father, formerly played by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, falls to the artistic and talented Mr. H. A. Lytton, with the ever-sweet actress and singer, Miss Isabel Jay, as the mysterious Gipsy. The juvenile Ib and Christina in the first "panel" are brightly and cleverly impersonated by Master Emery and little Miss Ellie May. New and appropriate music has been supplied to "Ib and Little Christina" by Mr. Franco Leoni.

The second piece in the Savoy's present highly interesting programme is the hereinafore-mentioned "Willow Pattern," a strong one-Act play, showing in its fifty-five minutes' traffic of the stage quite an interesting little love-story based upon the pictures shown upon the famous "Plate." The scheme and treatment of this Chinese play (with its pleasant music by Mr. R. Cecil Cook) is totally different from the lighter method adopted in "The Willow-Plate," as written in the last century's late fifties by Frank Talfourd, nephew of the great Judge Talfourd, who took four-and-twenty years to write one tragedy, "Ion" to wit, for the great Macready.

"The Willow Pattern," with its interesting "Intermezzo" divisions and its remarkable "lightning changes" (after the manner of those in "Madame Butterfly"), is a piece to see. It is excellently acted by Miss Blanche Gaston-Murray, Miss Agnes Fraser (charming damsels both), Mr. Powis Pinder, and those two enormously popular Savoy favourites, Miss Rosina Brandram and Mr. Walter Passmore. In short, the daintiness, drollery, and contrast of the Savoy's latest programme should merit excellent business until Christmas.

At the festive season, the Savoy's new librettist will be again in evidence—indeed, very much in evidence, for he will then be represented by his little fairy-plays, "The Emperor's New Clothes" and "The Soldier and the Tinder-Box" (both originally performed at Terry's), and by a new work of the same order to be entitled "The Little Mermaids." These pieces are intended for the use of juvenile Savoyards at holiday matinées, the present bill being, in all probability, retained for evening use until about the end of January.

About that time Messrs. Greet and Englebach will present the new Hood-German comic opera, which, as I have already told *Sketch* readers,

is to be of an Elizabethan character, and is to be called "Merrie England," without prejudice, I may suppose, to "Nunquam's" well-known Socialistic startler of the same name. The scene of "Merrie England" will be laid in and around Windsor Castle, and will be very picturesque. Captain Hood, greatly daring, has, I find, introduced into this piece no less a personage than William Shakspeare. Moreover, instead of emulating Sir Walter Scott, who, although he brought Shakspeare into "Kenilworth," did not dare to give him any dialogue, the Savoy's warrior-bard has written in a bit for William. Sweet Will's chief reason of existence in "Merrie England" would appear to be for the purpose of deeply perplexing Mr. Walter Passmore, who enacts the character of—— But hist! We are observed!

With regard to my old friend, Basil Hood, it may be said, in conclusion, that, for a man of thirty-seven, his dramatic output has been remarkable. True, from the time he first went to Sandhurst, gaining his commission at the age of twenty-one, he has always longed for play-

writing laurels. Yea, even when on active service in Burmah and so forth, and when subsequently stationed in the "Disthessful Country"—where he spent five years—he was, at odd moments, pegging away at play- or poem-making. Like many another since successful dramatist—from Mr. Pinero downwards—the gallant Hood was content to start his play-writing career with one-Act pieces, contributing several smart little things of the sort to the Prince of Wales's, the Lyric, &c. It was with "The French Maid" and "Gentleman Joe" (both composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter and both still "on the road") that the Captain first came into play-writing prominence. These were followed by "Orlando Dando" (written for Mr. Milton Bode to "star" Dan Leno withal). Captain Hood's subsequent Savoy work is noted above.

That sweet and simple comedy, "Sweet and Twenty," stamped Hood as a dramatist not unfitted to follow in the footsteps of poor, long-suffering Tom Robertson, whose success, alas! came too late to be of much use to him. This great Vaudeville success is, about Easter next, to have a successor by the same author, who at present calls it by the

similarly Shaksperian title of "Fancy Free." When you come to add to the above-indicated new plays which Captain Hood has in hand certain new "commissions" for Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. George Alexander, you will doubtless come to the conclusion that Basil is busy!

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MISS ISABEL JAY IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE SAVOY.

MISS JAY IS NOW PLAYING AND SINGING VERY CHARMINGLY AS THE GIPSY WOMAN IN "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA."

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

The announcement that The Book Lovers' Library is to start an English branch has been another severe blow to the booksellers, who are appealing to the publishers not to give the promoters of this concern special terms and consideration. The booksellers, of course, claim that one book sold to a large circulating library means a loss of several sold to the trade. Such statements are as difficult to disprove as prove. But I think it is generally admitted now that they are fallacious. Circulating libraries are still springing up on all sides, but I think the least consideration will show that sales of books were never so great as at the present moment.



TYPICAL SCENES FROM H. V. ESMOND'S PLAY AT THE COMEDY,  
"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."



Phyllis (Miss Maxine Elliott).

Richard Carewe (Mr. Nat Goodwin).

ACT I.—"THE IMP'S" FOUR GUARDIANS SALUTE "THE IMP'S" FIANCÉE.



Miss Elliott.

Mr. Nat Goodwin.

ACT IV.—BUT PHYLLIS DOESN'T LOVE "THE IMP," AFTER ALL; SHE WANTS RICHARD REALLY, AND SHE GETS HIM.

From Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

## CLAREMONT AND ITS MEMORIES.

AT the present moment, Esher and Claremont are rejoicing in the presence of the Duchess of Albany and her young daughter, Princess Alice; and the rumour that the fine old suburban Palace, so full of memories to the older members of our Royal Family, may possibly be put into the market has dismayed those of Her Royal Highness's neighbours who hoped that she would frequently return to her much-loved English home, where she was brought as a happy bride, and where also her son, the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and her daughter were both born.

## CLAREMONT'S FIRST OWNERS.

Claremont, unlike most Royal demesnes, was not built, or for a long period owned, by a Royal personage. Originally the estate belonged to the famous architect, John Vanbrugh, but no trace of the house he inhabited remains, for the present stately pile, designed by "Capability Brown," was built by the great Lord Clive, and, according to Macaulay, the peasantry in that part of the world "looked with horror on the beautiful building which was rising, and whispered that the great, wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil who would one day carry him bodily away." After Lord Clive's death, Claremont passed through various hands, being finally sold to the Crown a year after the Battle of Waterloo.

## THE SCENE OF A NATION'S TRAGEDY.

Soon after the estate became Crown property, Claremont was settled on Princess Charlotte, then regarded as the future Queen of these realms, and on her young husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; but even in those days an early death was said to be the portion of the owner of the demesne, and within a year of her ideally happy marriage the poor young Princess died in her new country home amid universal lamentation—indeed, it is not too much to say the very name Claremont spelt for many a long day disaster and tragedy to the British nation.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AT CLAREMONT.

Prince Leopold stayed on at Claremont for many years, and it is on record that there the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter spent many happy days; indeed, during Queen Victoria's long life Claremont evoked to her nothing but happy thoughts, and when staying there with the Prince Consort, not long after her marriage, she wrote to her uncle, then King of the Belgians, "This place brings back recollections of the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood." It was there also that a most momentous meeting took place, for in the autumn of 1824, the little Princess being at the time but five years old, the then Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha paid a visit to her son and brought with her his nephew, Prince Albert. It is said that the two cousins then first met and that at Claremont was first mooted the question of their future marriage.

## TREASURES OLD AND NEW.

According to an excellent custom followed in most Royal Palaces, the furniture has not been much altered, neither have any of the many

interesting objects gradually accumulated during the last century been removed. Accordingly, Claremont is full of art-treasures, many of them dating from the days of Princess Charlotte, and even of Lord Clive; indeed, the drawing-room contains an Indian carpet brought home from the East by the Conqueror of India, by whose special desire the room was built to fit the carpet!

Then, again, in this same fine apartment is a wonderful old replica of Beethoven's piano, constructed by the Broadwood of that day for Princess Charlotte. Yet another piano which will interest future generations is a fine mid-Victorian Broadwood on which the late Queen, when staying at Claremont with Prince Albert, used to spend hours practising and singing. This instrument remains where it was first placed, in a pretty but plain suite of apartments still known as "The Queen's Rooms."

## CLAREMONT AND MODERN ROYALTY.

When Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, became engaged to Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, there was some discussion as to where the young couple should live, and, by her late Majesty's special wish, Claremont was selected, as being so near Windsor. Her Majesty's interest in the matter was shown by the fact that she herself drove over Prince Leopold and his *fiancée* to their future home, and went through each and all of the rooms with the bride-elect. Claremont had not remained entirely deserted after its occupation by the Orleans Princes, for Princess Louise and the then Marquis of Lorne spent there their short honeymoon.

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

Much of their too brief married life was spent by the Duke and Duchess of Albany at Claremont. The Duke's delicacy of health made it impossible for him to take so active a part as did his brothers and sisters in public affairs; but, on the other hand, having inherited much of his father's studiousness and love of work, it is wonderful how much he managed to accomplish during his short life. Not content with taking a practical interest in all sorts of matters concerning what may be called scientific philanthropy—notably hospital and hygienic reform, the improvement of poor people's dwellings, and so on—the Duke and Duchess both did all in their power to benefit and assist their own immediate neighbours and poorer friends, and Esher Church and village contain many memorials of the Duke's sojourn at Claremont, where also during his brief lifetime well-known people noted for their labours in various fields of public work were constantly invited.

## A SHADOWED HOME.

The news of the tragically sudden death of the Duke of Albany at Cannes was brought to the Duchess of Albany at Claremont by Queen Victoria herself, and probably the many touching proofs which the widowed Duchess then received of how greatly her beloved husband had been respected in the neighbourhood endeared Claremont to her, for, although it was said she was pressed to move to Windsor, she preferred to remain in her own home till after the birth of her son, whose christening brought together in little Esher Church one of the most interesting gatherings seen for many years, for every member of the Royal Family then in this country made a point of being present at the baptism of the little Prince who was never to know a father's love.



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

Photo by Kissack, Eton.



CLAREMONT: THE EAST FRONT.

Photo by H. N. King, London.



CLAREMONT, THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

*From Photographs by H. N. King, London.*



THE DRAWING-ROOM, BUILT BY LORD CLIVE TO FIT THE INDIAN CARPET SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.



THE LIBRARY, WHERE THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY SPENT MANY STUDIOUS HOURS.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*La Maladie de Luxe—Its Treatment (Theatres, Gambling, Dancing)—“Cures” for They that be Whole—Healthless Health-Resorts—“Recruiting” Stations and their Evolution—Strange Continental Diseases—The Feury—The Anxiety Fegrimis—“Ici on Parle Anglais”—Mutoscope Pictures.*

AS at this time a large portion of Society finds it convenient to feel the symptoms of some unknown ailment which must be instantly treated by a “cure” on the Continent, it hastens to visit a fashionable doctor guaranteed to discover that fatal results can only be forestalled by residence in the neighbourhood of a gambling casino, several first-class theatres and orchestras, and plenty of smart Society. The disease must not interfere with liberal eating and drinking and unlimited gaiety. The symptoms must disappear in time for the London Season, otherwise all the worse for the symptoms—and the doctor's reputation.

When the “patient” has nothing whatever the matter with him, or her—an event, indeed, not wholly unusual—the case really demands two physicians, one to give the disease and the other to take it away; but grave emergencies of this kind are well understood in the profession. The comparative regularity of the life—which is the real benefit—could be just as well obtained by a three months' residence as a first-class misdemeanor in Holloway Jail—where of late the authorities have even provided “chamois”-hunting. As for the open-air cure, all its advantages might be had on the benches of the Embankment.

It is the old story of a superior social standing of the Abana and Pharpar as contrasted with the vulgarity of the Jordan. No doubt the flirtable daughters of the family lay immense stress on the foreign languages they will acquire on the tour, notwithstanding that they will hear slightly less French spoken at their hotel than in the average London salon. The waiters will be almost to a man English—a thing one can never get in London. And, as they—the daughters—will talk exclusively to young and nice-looking (and rich) Englishmen, their prospects of intellectual development in this direction are considerably exaggerated.

A growing feature of these “cure” places is that there is *no room for the people who want to be cured*. Take Mentone—forty years ago one of the healthiest places in the world. By accident, it was discovered to be admirably suited for consumptives. They crowded to it until it became “bacillus-ridden,” and the sturdy inhabitants went into galloping declines, even invalids being driven away—as from Davos for the same reason—to some less unhealthy health-resort. Now, this winter the hotel-proprietors are refusing to receive “undesirables” who have tuberculosis. The process is this: With the invalid comes the rest of the family, say four or five in number, to “nurse” him—this takes about ten minutes a-day and does not interfere with rational amusement. They encourage their friends to come, and the proportion of invalids in the population soon sinks to one in ten.

The sound object to the danger of living in the same building with the diseased, and the latter—their object being fulfilled—are sent away to some other dumping-ground by their relations. Others recover; they come to cough and they remain to play. The place has been transformed from a hospital into a Society playground. Of course, there are many consumptive concentration-camps which cannot afford to put up the notice “No invalids need apply.”

There is an erroneous idea—an idea fostered by the local hotel-proprietors—that a “cure,” which is good for one complaint is good for everything. A lady who has found relief from rheumatism by drinking the waters at a “Kurort” brings her daughter (suffering from asthma) and her nephew (troubled with ophthalmia) for identically the same treatment. This mistake may be due to the atrocious advertisements in broken English, such as that of water lately guaranteed to “cure Pains of the Rims, the feury and all Anxiety Fegrimis”; this water “unites itself to the stomach and is the same as a slying Mercury” (!) This nervous and forcible Anglo-Saxon is rivalled by that of a Continental doctor's recent announcement that he would “relieve patients, for the poor gratis, from pain of extending consciousness,” “voiturage” being “chargeable when invited at home for council if curable.” Here is the danger. Patients who have been cured of those distressing ailments, “Pains of the Rims and Anxiety Fegrimis,” recommend the waters to friends troubled only with “extending consciousness.”

Even the French have of late been inattentive to the amusement of the baiting and pursuit of English residents—not from any scruples in indulging in a rational recreation, but because Santos-Dumont and the friction with Turkey have diverted the public interest to more novel and entertaining topics. True, a complaint was made the other day in a town in the South of France of some mutoscope pictures as being improper and degrading, one of which was found to represent

Mr. Chamberlain addressing a meeting (!), but this was an extreme case and a certain amount of local frenzy was excusable. A phonograph reproducing one of the same statesman's speeches in a French commune would almost justify a riot and a general massacre of the British inhabitants.

But, as a matter of fact, of hostility to England the tourist—especially if he has money—will hardly be even aware. An old lady staying in the Riviera, who (being a Society woman) is only half-educated, read an article the other day on “Anglophobia in the Neighbourhood” in the local paper, said she was sure it was caused by “bad drainage,” and gave directions for her daughters to be inoculated at once!

HILL ROWAN.

## A NEW GRUNDY PLAY IN NEW YORK.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S many English admirers will doubtless feel aggrieved that he has just had a new play produced in New York before submitting it first to Londoners. This new play is prettily entitled “The Love-Match,” and I fear it will not be seen in this Metropolis for some time to come. London playgoers, however, may take heart of grace from the fact that Mr. Grundy's new play for the Haymarket, “Frocks and Frills” by name, will be exhibited to them in the course of a few weeks.

“The Love-Match” was, for a modern American “production,” put on rather hurriedly at the New York Lyceum, owing to the adaptation of Maurice Hewlett's exciting romance, “The Forest Lovers,” having “failed to attract,” as the saying now is. Still, as will be seen from our picture, taken on the spot, the *mise-en-scène* is by no means slovenly. The drama is somewhat loosely constructed, for so artistic a craftsman as Sydney Grundy, but the strength of the play is undeniable. The story revolves around certain members of a highly respectable family named De Castro, and especially around Pansy De Castro, a beautiful and noble-hearted young lady. Pansy, refusing to be dictated to as regards her love-affairs, makes a runaway love-match with a handsome, plausible young man named Dick Renshaw. Soon after marriage, however, poor Pansy finds that the husband she so idolised is no better than a faithless and shiftless scoundrel. In due course she runs away from him and goes back to the ancestral home, when the present head of the family, a very starched grandmother, insists upon Pansy keeping her marriage a secret and wearing her maiden-name.

In due course, Pansy, her love for her villainous husband being almost crushed out of her, finds many a suitor coming around. Among these is one Max Beresford, a fine, lovable young fellow who is dying to espouse Pansy. She, however, although feeling herself not altogether unsuited, keeps Max at bay, pretending coldness and in no wise hinting at her married state. Eftsoons, however, poor Pansy finds her bruised and lonely heart yearning towards this handsome and kindly young fellow, and resolves again to fly—for both their sakes.

Pansy, now prepared for flight, comes at the dead of night into the De Castro Portrait Gallery, in order, as it were, to bid farewell to her ancestors. Now, it so chanced that simultaneously Pansy's long-missing husband breaks into this gallery with intent to “burgle” a picture of great value. Taking a hint from the purloiners of the famous “Duchess,” Renshaw cuts the priceless picture from the frame and is about to depart, when he is confronted by the wife whom he has so basely treated!

A painful and most intense scene ensues, at the end of which, the scoundrel, moved to penitence by the earnest pleading of his wife, restores the stolen picture and is about to go, when young Max, who has found the outer door open, walks in and sees the pair. After an awkward pause for all concerned, Pansy explains the situation and her own position, and the husband departs, conscience-stricken and crestfallen.

The next morning, Renshaw's body is found in a local mill-race, in which he has committed suicide. In due course, Pansy, relieved from the bad Dick Renshaw, not only agrees to marry the good young Beresford, but also prepares to inherit a large fortune, by means of a late will which is found on the back of the mutilated picture—a kind of thing seen ere now in English plays, especially in a long-successful suburban melodrama called “For Sale,” written by Mr. John “Tank” Douglass.

“The Love-Match” is splendidly acted, especially by the popular American actress, Miss Bertha Galland, as Pansy; Mrs. Charles Walcott, as the grim grandmother; Mr. F. C. Bangs (of an honoured American theatrical family), as the grandmother's bullied but blithe brother, Roland de Castro; and Mr. Harry B. Stanford (a handsome young actor so long with Sir Henry Irving in England and America), as the perplexed lover, Max Beresford. Undoubtedly, “The Love-Match” is so powerful a play that its importation to these shores should be eagerly looked for.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring *ABSOLUTE ACCURACY* in the matters of *NAMES* and *DATES*, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to “The Sketch,” 198, Strand, London.





PANSY (MISS BERTHA GALLAND).

MAX BERESFORD (MR. HARRY B. STANFORD).

A SCENE FROM "THE LOVE-MATCH,"

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S LATEST DRAMA, PRODUCED IN NEW YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

## ROYAL SPORTSMEN.

PROBABLY few people are aware of how great a part sport plays in the life of modern Royal personages. In these days it is by no means easy for even the most independent of Sovereigns to play at being a modern Haroun Alraschid. Few are the simple pleasures which can be enjoyed by Royalty; accordingly, small wonder that both Kings and Princes who live at such high pressure thoroughly enjoy a return to what may be called primeval conditions of life. This is probably why some form of outdoor sport occupies so much of the leisure of the world's great rulers.

## THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

King Edward has been all his life a keen sportsman; as a little boy he delighted in nothing so much as in accompanying his father out deer-stalking in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, and it is said that when he was fifteen he was already the best shot in the Royal Family. As an Undergraduate, he hunted with Lord Macclesfield's pack; and, though it has sometimes been implied that His Majesty has never cared for hunting as he has for shooting, he once uttered on this subject memorable words: "Norfolk has always been considered to be a shooting country; that may be so to a great extent, but I feel convinced that hunting is quite as popular, and I sincerely hope that it will long remain so." The Prince of Wales has been from childhood a very good horseman, in that matter at least giving the lie to the theory that no sailor can ride straight. When on leave, during the winter months of each year, he always accompanied his mother, his brother, and his sisters to the meets of the West Norfolk Hunt, and he generally managed to be in at the death. His Royal Highness's favourite form of sport; however, is undoubtedly fishing, and not only the fair-weather variety in which many people indulge with pleasure, but that which is only enjoyed by enthusiasts during early spring, when the banks of a Scotch and of an Irish river are by no means the warmest and cosiest places even an ardent fisherman could choose.

SANDRINGHAM  
SHOOTING-PARTIES.

King Edward's Norfolk estate is, perhaps, the best sporting domain in the kingdom, for, in addition to the usual ground-game, the great lake affords excellent wild-duck, widgeon, and teal shooting. Something like twelve thousand pheasants are annually reared on the Sandringham estate, and the Game Room, which was built under the King's personal supervision, is one of the largest in this country, holding close on seven thousand head, and containing ample accommodation for packing, a large proportion of the game brought down by the Royal party being sent off not only to their Majesties' private friends, but to hospitals and other institutions in which they take an interest. In many matters the Sovereign sets a good example to modern sportsmen; he is most kind and considerate not only to his keepers, who are one and all devoted to him and to the sporting interests of the estate, but also to the humble beaters, each of whom is allowed to take home a hare and a pheasant after the day's sport is done.

## ROYAL GUNS—AND—OTHERS.

King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge—who, notwithstanding his advanced years, is still a very keen sportsman and a first-rate shot—have seen good sport more or less all over the United Kingdom. In past years His Majesty has frequently formed part of a shooting-party at Chatsworth, at Wynyard, at Shoreham Place, at West Dean, at Holkham, and at Hall Barn; and doubtless in this matter the Prince of Wales will follow his example—indeed, it is already said that His Royal Highness will shortly pay a round of sporting visits. The Duke of Cambridge has for many years past invited each autumn parties of his friends to shoot over the excellent sporting estate known as Six-Mile Bottom.

## THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S SPORTING PROWESS.

The Emperor William is, perhaps, the keenest Royal sportsman on the Continent. His sporting estates offer great variety of sport,

including the old German boar-hunting, which is more exciting than ordinary pheasant-shooting or stalking, owing to its being at times not a little dangerous. The various Royal hunting domains and castles belonging to the Ruler of Prussia have all been occupied in turn by the Kaiser and groups of guests, among whom have often been members of our Royal Family. There everything is carried out in the old German style—that is to say, very differently from the fashion in which things are managed at Balmoral and Sandringham. The German Crown Prince is becoming as mighty a hunter as is his father, and often pays sporting visits to the smaller German Princes and also to those members of the Austrian Royal Family who possess noted sporting domains. Even the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph still enjoys a day's chamois-hunting—the most exciting of all sports—with the youngest of his Archdukes, and on more than one occasion the German Emperor and the Crown Prince have been among his guests.

## THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HUNTS.

All good sportsmen must long to take part, if only once, in a Russian Imperial hunt. In a country where everything is done on an immense and almost barbarously splendid scale, these gatherings are things to remember over a lifetime. The present Czar is said not to care for sport, but he is a first-rate shot, and has, of course, taken part in the Imperial hunts since his early childhood; and his cousins and uncles enjoy in sport their chief relaxation. The Imperial hunting-lodges are really vast Palaces set in the midst of huge forests swarming with big game of every kind. Every creature of interest to the Russian sportsman, even including wolves and bears, is most carefully preserved; but to the British sportsman there seems something incongruous in the fact that the Imperial hunting-party is always accompanied by an army of cooks and movable kitchens, in order that the Czar and his guests may enjoy, even in the midst of the forest, a splendid banquet.

H. R. H. PRINCESS  
CHRISTIAN.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian is, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, one of the most busy women in the kingdom. Notwithstanding the recent

loss of her beloved son and august mother, she is now, as ever, spending both time and labour in the promotion of works of charity and beneficence. Only the other day, Her Royal Highness, as President, took the chair at the meeting of the Committee of the "R.A.M.C." South Africa Fund, to consider the despatch of Christmas gifts to the four thousand men of that invaluable yet much-abused branch of the Army, and, in addition, through Her Royal Highness's own personal exertions and the generous contributions of friends, pipes, tobacco, and plum-puddings have already been sent out to South Africa, so that every man of Prince Christian Victor's own regiment—the King's Royal Rifles—will be provided with the wherewithal to spend a more or less happy Christmas. The old 60th has not only two of its battalions at "the Front," but a large number of its men are serving with the Mounted Infantry, so Her Royal Highness's self-imposed task was no light one.

## THE KING'S EQUERRY.

His Majesty has given another proof, in granting his consent for Captain Fritz Ponsonby to go to South Africa, of his unflinching and unselfish interest in the public service, for, as one of the King's Equerries, Captain Fritz Ponsonby's absence from England must considerably inconvenience his Royal master, with whom, by the way, he is a great favourite. Captain Ponsonby, who is accompanying a draft of the Grenadier Guards to South Africa, is a son of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby. Like his father, he stood high in the favour of Queen Victoria, and gained her consent, though not without difficulty, it has been asserted, to his marriage with Miss "Ria" Kennard two years ago. The late Sovereign, after sanctioning the wedding, took a more than ordinary interest in the event.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A FISHERMAN: A LONG CAST AT RED BRAE.

Photo by Temple, Richmond.



SANDRINGHAM AS THE HOME OF ROYAL SPORT.

*From Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.*



A GOOD BAG AT SANDRINGHAM.



THE GAME-LARDER AT SANDRINGHAM.



MISS ADA REEVE AS 'SAN TOY,' AT DALY'S THEATRE.

*"Oh, I'd love to be a boy!*

*I'd take you out to lunch and dine and sup."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.





MISS ADA REEVE AS "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

*"Ah, now to love me as you do now,  
Nor regret the price that you paid!"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## REVIVAL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

THE impending revival of "The Belle of New York" at the new Century Theatre, where it is due (according to present arrangements) next Saturday, is a matter fraught, perhaps, with more interest than serious-minded students of the drama might deem so frivolous a play deserves. In the first place, "The Belle of New York" is up to now the biggest financial success yet imported from America. It ran at the Shaftesbury for over two years, and was very early in its London run sent on tour, where at least five Companies have been playing it, one being run by the play's original London producer, Mr. George Musgrove, and four by Mr. Ben Greet. "The Belle"—as it is professionally called, for short—is also interesting from the fact that it introduced to England at least three Transatlantic "stars" who have since become enormously popular on this side, namely, that droll comedian, Mr. James E. Sullivan (whose portrait, with that of the forthcoming new "Belle," Miss Madge Lessing, is produced on this page), Mr. Frank Lawton, the *siffleur* who has since whistled all over England—but never from "want of thought"—and lastly, but by no means leastly, the beautiful Miss Edna May, now acting so archly in "Kitty Grey," at the Apollo. In addition to Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Lawton—who will play their original parts at the Century—several other highly popular American artistes will be found in the cast, including the statuesque Miss Helen Dupont, whose picture appears on the opposite



MR. JAMES SULLIVAN AS "THE POLITE LUNATIC."

page. Indeed, Mr. G. B. McLellan is sparing no expense in the casting and staging of this revival, which will doubtless be favoured with a new lease of life.

Mr. Frank Lawton is one of those numerous instances of stage-players who, having been strenuously warned *not* to attempt such and such things, presumably "out of their sphere" (as Shakspeare says), yet went away and did what they themselves wanted to do in that forbidden sphere, and, in spite of all advice to the contrary, succeeded therein. For example, when Mr. Lawton, then a "vaudeville" (which means "variety") artist in his native land, wanted to go a-whistling, instead of warbling and dancing, there were not wanting friends who warned him to do nothing of the kind, but to keep to his then obviously suitable "vaudevillany," as one may, perhaps, be permitted to call this sort of thing—at least, for the nonce. Yet, lo! after a brief spell as a *siffleur* in America, Mr. Lawton bobbed up serenely at the Shaftesbury, London, as the wary whistler in "The Belle of New York." Owing to his success therein, this smart *siffleur*, towards the end of the run of "The Belle," was promptly snapped up for leading London variety theatres. And, now that he is about to resume his old part at the Century Theatre, one may be sure that his performance will be as tuneful and artistic as ever. By the way, it seems that whistling is to be classed among the fashionable accomplishments now, for Mr. Lawton teaches the art to quite a large number of blue-blooded pupils.



MISS MADGE LESSING, WHO SUCCEEDS MISS EDNA MAY AS "THE BELLE."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



REVIVAL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.



MISS HELEN DUPONT, THE "QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

NOVELIST: My dear, before you go out, do you remember which is the unlucky month for marriage?

NOVELIST'S WIFE (*drearily*): I don't know, but *we* were married in November!





THE MODERN SPORTSMAN.

"I think, perhaps, a bike-ride will do me more good this morning."

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A TASTE FOR LITERATURE.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.



"AND for the life of me, do you know, dear," complained Mrs. Grainger, "I could *not* think of the title of a single one of his books!"

"Didn't tell him so, I hope."

"Of course I didn't!" she said, with a touch of irritation. "Don't be so silly, and go upstairs and fetch my slippers."

By the time her husband returned, Mrs. Grainger had recovered her usual good-temper, and she essayed the task of describing her great evening, where she had met a Celebrated Author, with something like enthusiasm. The Celebrated Author, it appeared, had been quite genial; he had had a recent attack of influenza, and had given her a detailed account of its progress, its decline, and its fall.

"But how did you get out of the difficulty of not remembering?"

"Well, Charles," admitted Mrs. Grainger, "I'm afraid I told what some people might call an untruth. I said that my husband swore—"

"I say!" protested Mr. Grainger.

"That my husband swore by his books and declined to read anybody else's. He seemed quite pleased," she added, hastily.

"I must tell the other seniors in our bank," said her husband, with unconcealed satisfaction at the remark attributed to him. "It will take the shine out of one or two of them."

"He went away rather early, and, of course, he shook hands with the hostess, and then he came over to me and he said, 'Such a pleasure to have met you!'"

"That was really very nice of him," declared Mr. Grainger emphatically, "whether he meant it or not!"

"I tell you, Charles," said Mrs. Grainger, nursing her slippered foot, "what *did* occur to me as I came home in the train, and that was simply this: We ought to read more than we do."

"I suppose everybody ought." He took up the evening paper.

"Of course, I get no time for reading, but I *do* think that you —"

"Well, I don't know what time I get, my dear. As soon as I get home and change, I'm out in the garden." He turned the paper over and glanced at a startling advertisement on the back page.

"Something will have to be done," said his wife. "We must join a library or something. I get through about one book a year, and, of course, I read a lot of odd bits, but that isn't enough. I say, it isn't enough! You're not listening, Charles!"

"I'm reading through this advertisement," he replied, excusingly. "Seems to me it's about the very thing we want. 'Gems from Many Minds' it's called."

"Oh, don't begin arguing again about jewellery; let's go on talking about books!"

"'You Can't Afford to do Without It,' he read, slowly. "'You Must have It! You Know you Want It: Why Deceive Yourself? This Week you Can have It: next Week you Shan't have It. You had Better write To-night.'"

"But what's it about, dear?"

"Apparently it's a selection of all the best bits from modern novels."

"Why," cried Mrs. Grainger, "the very thing!"

"Saves you—so they say—all the trouble and worry of plodding through a whole book, and gives you the best of it in a few pages."

"Run into a lot of money, I expect," said Mrs. Grainger, apprehensively.

"Only five shillings down, and the rest by easy instalments."

"Charles," said Mrs. Grainger, after a pause for silent deliberation, "we must take the bull by the horns and go in for it. Turn the gas out, dear, and lock up."

One gratifying circumstance, in connection with the new investment, was the alacrity with which the set of well-bound volumes was delivered at Forest Hill. Before the Graingers had time to give the matter fresh consideration, the case arrived, together with quite a friendly letter from the firm, begging, as a particular and personal favour, that Mr. Grainger would let them know at his earliest convenience what he thought of the set. They sent a small pamphlet containing letters of congratulation from various subscribers, and Mr. Grainger at once sat down and wrote a letter that his wife agreed was a perfect blend, so to speak, of all the best of the other letters. That evening, Mr. Grainger gave but half-an-hour to his garden on returning from the City, and then went into the house, where he and his wife each took a volume of the "Gems," turned up the gas to a point just short of whistling,

and set themselves determinedly to the task of improving their minds. They read for quite ten minutes, and then Mrs. Grainger put down her volume suddenly.

"No eggs in the house!" she exclaimed. "That girl thinks of nothing!"

When she came back from the kitchen, her husband watched her over the top edge of his volume, and noticed that, instead of resuming her studies, she took up her work-basket. He pointed this out to her, and she explained that, once she was interrupted, then there was no more reading for her that day; she added that this was, of course, no reason why *he* should leave off, and he was forced, therefore, to continue. He had some revenge by giving short, sharp laughs at intervals and sighs of astonishment; and when his wife asked, "What have you come across now?" he shook his head and said that she must read it for herself.

The next evening, Mr. Grainger went out of his way to ask a friend in, and the friend stayed some time, bragging about his own ingenious management of standard roses; reading was therefore out of the question. Not entirely a pleasant evening, because the friend was a dogmatic man with a trick of slapping the mantel-board that terrified Mrs. Grainger; but they agreed, when he had gone, that they had in the past been unjust to him, and that he was not half such a bad fellow as one might think. The next night Mrs. Grainger said in a commanding voice—

"Don't forget your reading, Charles."

And he, with some ingenuity, diverted her mind from this subject by an account of the manner of Craig, a fellow senior in the bank, who had apparently taken home to his wife the news that Mrs. Grainger was now mixing with the highest literary society, and who, ordinarily a haughty man and one not accustomed to ask favours or give them, had that evening offered Grainger a cigarette and a match, and had said that Mrs. Craig felt that she ought to have called on Mrs. Grainger before, only that it was such a journey from Potters Bar to Forest Hill. Mrs. Craig proposed, however, now to do herself this pleasure, and, if Mrs. Grainger would let her know, by the intermediary of the bank, when the distinguished novelist of whom Grainger had spoken was likely to call, then would Mrs. Craig loosen herself from all other ties of Society and come straightway.

"And what did you tell him, dear?"

"Well," said Mr. Grainger, with an inventor's pride, "I simply laughed and said that the chap was the kind of visitor you could never be sure of. He might call two or three times a-week, perhaps, and then, again, he might not call for quite a long while."

"Quite right!" said his wife, approvingly. "It's no use telling some people the truth. Wasn't he taken aback?"

"Hadn't another word to say for himself," declared Grainger, exultantly.

"Ah!" she said. And enjoyed the thought for a while silently.

"Don't forget your reading, Charles," she said.

"Well, my dear, I thought—"

"No, no, no!" she said, emphatically. "If you go in for a course of reading, *go* in for a course of reading. Either one thing or the other, for goodness' sake!"

"What I was going to say, my dear, when you interrupted—"

"I don't call that interrupting!"

"—was," he explained with patience, "that I ought to knock up something like a bookcase for those volumes, or else some of them will get mislaid."

"That's not a bad idea," admitted Mrs. Grainger.

Mr. Grainger, with a feeling that to do anything for books was something like cultivating a literary taste, busied himself—he was a handy man about the house—by taking to pieces a music canterbury and forcing it to become an efficient holder of the volumes. When, after a week of evening labour, he had completed this task, he fixed the case high up on the wall of the dining-room—so high that his wife pointed out, quite happily, that she for her part would never be able to reach down a volume without the help of a pair of steps, and a pair of steps they did not possess. Mr. Grainger offered to buy this accessory, but his wife gave to the suggestion no encouragement.

The continual demands for periodical subscriptions increased her antipathy to the set of volumes, and, when she ignored these, a gentlemanly person called with a fashionable knock, so that, when she had hurriedly composed herself for the reception of visitors, she was annoyed by the servant's announcement—

"Only the man called about them books, Ma'am!"

A situation occurred which seemed, at first, to have been arranged for their benefit by a gracious Providence. Her only brother, who



sometimes came to see them on Sundays, and had often in the early days been invited to join in congratulations in regard to the books, and had done so politely, suddenly announced his immediate marriage to a Board School mistress to whom he had been engaged for some years. Mrs. Grainger read the letter aloud at breakfast one morning, and, when she had done so, she and her husband looked up at the same moment at the scarlet-bound volumes.

"The very thing!" she cried.

"They'll be pleased with them!" declared Mr. Grainger.

The books were taken down and packed, but first a letter was sent to her brother felicitating him on the news and announcing the wedding-

gift: where would he like it to be sent?

Brother wired back instantly to say that he would much prefer a coal-box or a cheese-dish, and that, rather than deprive them of

"Gems from Many Minds," he would put off the wedding for another year or two.

The Graingers were much depressed on receiving this definitely worded telegram, and Mrs. Grainger, who would allow no one to say a word against members of her own family, but occasionally spoke a distinct word herself concerning them, said that her brother was absolutely the most selfish person in all the world, and that for two pins—

Nevertheless, the first ingenious idea had to be given up. The books were not unpacked from their covering of brown paper, because Mrs. Grainger said hopefully that, no doubt, they would find another chance of getting rid of them.

It will be seen that by this time all pretence of studying the "Gems" had been relinquished, and this course had some excuse in the fact that one evening, when Mrs. Grainger was waiting near the bookstall at Victoria Station for her husband, who was coming on from the bank direct to take her to some musical play, she saw the Celebrated Author, who was peering at the books ranged in tiers on the stall, and as he turned away, apparently rather sulky at finding amongst them no copies of his own works, she spoke to him, and he lifted his hat coldly and said, "Your face is

quite familiar!" (in a manner that, to the sensitive young woman, seemed to hint that her manner possessed a similar quality), and went on out of the station. Grainger discovered her scarlet with annoyance, and, on their way to the theatre, they in duet denounced literature and all its priests in good set terms. "There's no reason," said Mrs. Grainger, warmly, "why they shouldn't, at any rate, pretend to be gentlemen!" This incident, whilst it, so to speak, cleared the air, failed to bring them any nearer to a solution of the difficulty created by the clumsy, heavy collection of books at home. There was no space for a lumber-room in the house at Forest Hill, and the servant protested strenuously and effectively on a proposition being made to find room for the package under the kitchen-table. When a man called, wearing two bowler-hats, and carrying a sack and a basket of ferns, the girl suggested to her mistress that she should try to exchange the books for a plant, and in

the porch Mrs. Grainger had a long discussion with the man; but it appeared that he had no great approval for literature in the bulk, and that, whereas he was willing to give a promising fern for two pairs of middle-aged trousers, he required for the same article—if he took the books also in exchange—the two pairs of trousers, a waistcoat, and an overcoat that her husband had not yet decided to relinquish. Mrs. Grainger determined to end the matter once for all. She took the clumsy package up to Victoria and left it in the cloak-room there, destroyed the ticket, and happiness and a sense of freedom came back to the household—until, a few weeks later, a letter arrived from the Brighton Company, stating that their address had been found on the

inside of the brown-paper packing, and warning them that warehousing charges were increasing at the rate of one penny a-day. Mr. Grainger would have written repudiating ownership, but that he had just applied at the bank for an increase of salary, and it would have been unwise to do anything likely to prejudice the attitude of Providence.

"Well, I don't know!" said Mrs. Grainger despairingly. "I've tried all I can. Now it's for you to do something."

"If only someone would break into the house and take them away!"

"That reminds me, Charles," she said, reverting to domestic business; "don't forget to renew the burglary insurance."

"Think it's worth while, dear?"

"Do as I tell you," said his wife, dogmatically.

Mrs. Grainger, returning home from an afternoon's shopping in Rye Lane, Peckham, found a state of things in the house deplorable enough, in all truth, but having one virtue in that it enabled her ever afterwards, when her husband received advice from her with a suggestion of doubt, to refer to a precedent where she had been exactly and completely right. The burglary that had taken place during the absence of the servant (she had an appointment outside a distant shop to meet the man who had, instead, visited the house) had, at first sight, another virtue, because it, at least, appeared reasonable to hope that, in

rifling the house of its few valuables, the uninvited visitor would carry off "Gems from Many Minds." Mrs. Grainger could have cried on finding that, although the burglar had opened the package, he had flung the despised volumes contemptuously out at the back of the dining-room.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Grainger, hopelessly, "I wish I was dead and—"

A sudden thought occurred to her. A spade stood in the flower-bed at the middle of the lawn. She looked up at the neighbouring windows. No one was spying. Ten minutes later she was fanning herself after the exertion.

"Funny thing," complained Mr. Grainger the following summer, "some of my roses won't grow a bit! Wonder how it is?"

"I wonder!" said Mrs. Grainger.



Mrs. Grainger had a long discussion with the man.



## A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**M**R. RALPH HALL CAINE, who has just purchased Dickens's old paper, *Household Words*, is not, as is generally supposed, a brother of the famous novelist, but his son. Mr. Ralph Caine is scarcely eighteen years of age. His attempt to resuscitate the famous old magazine is certainly one of the pluckiest things in recent journalism. Needless to say, Mr. Hall Caine is watching the venture with the greatest interest.

Mr. W. L. Alden suggested some time ago that, in view of the enormous amount of writing signed "Andrew Lang," it was only reasonable to suppose that it was the result of a syndicate of authors, and that no such man as Andrew Lang existed in the flesh. That is an old story. Mr. Lang's retort is new. He replies that, not only is he a real man, but that he wrote all the later works of Ruskin and Tennyson and all of "the humorous essays and correspondence of W. L. Alden." He also speaks of "My pseudonym, 'W. L. Alden.'" I understand that Mr. Alden has decided to make a collection of certain of his early "idiocies" (the term is his own), and publish them with Mr. Lang's name on the title-page. This is certainly a very pretty passage of arms. I think the honours are with Mr. Alden.

In spite of the very severe criticism of Kipling's work which has recently been the vogue in the United States, "Kim" has had a tremendous sale there, three large editions having been exhausted in as many weeks.

A new edition of President Roosevelt's book, "The Strenuous Life," which will include four new papers, is to be published immediately.

Madame Sarah Grand has made quite a "hit" as a lecturer in Philadelphia, where she spoke before an audience of fully two thousand, of which less than a score (most of them reporters) were "mere men." I quote the following description of her appearance, without comment—

Dressed in a Princess gown the length of which rather hampered her in the matter of walking and caused her to quit the stage as though she were wading through water, and with her hair coiled prettily and becomingly on top of her head, she made one discredit her assertion that some Englishwomen cut their hair and array themselves in unbecoming garments so as to detract as much as possible from their personal charms.

M. Edmond Rostand has created something like a sensation in Paris by announcing that his speech before the French Academy would be delivered in verse. It must, of course, be a eulogy of his predecessor, Bornier, unless, like Buffon, Rostand makes but slight mention of his predecessor, and then breaks into a poetical "Essay on Style." Curiously enough, Rostand has never written anything for publication in prose with the exception of a preface to a volume of reminiscences by Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's collection of humorous stories, just published by Messrs. Methuen under the title "Fancy Free," is one of those books which should find a place in every smoking-room.

An interesting case, somewhat on the lines of the Pearson-Hall Caine dispute, is shortly to be heard in America. The Butterick Publishing Company obtained from Messrs. F. A. Stokes and Co. the serial rights of the then unwritten novel by Mr. Egerton Castle, entitled "The Secret Orchard." The price agreed upon was £350. Only half of the story was taken by the Editor. When the second instalment was proffered, Messrs. Stokes were informed that the incidents "were too fervid and the style too realistic" for the magazine. Messrs. Stokes are bringing an action against the Butterick Company for the amount agreed upon. They do not consider themselves responsible for what Mr. Castle may have written, and they state that they had not seen the manuscript any more than the purchasing party. The Butterick Company, however, make claim that the character of their magazine is known, and that Messrs. Stokes have transgressed against the "doctrine of implied fitness."

Mr. H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds" has been translated into French, and has repeated the sensation it caused when published in a serial form in this country. M. Camille Flammarion, whose newspaper correspondence almost rivals that of Sir William Harcourt, has, of course, discussed with much gravity the possibility of a Martian

invasion of the world. He comes to the satisfactory conclusion that, "by applying to the book the calculation of probabilities, there are at least 999,999 chances against 1 against such an invasion." He also delivers himself of the delightful sentiment that the idea that the inhabitants of such a little floating island should wish to conquer our planet is characteristically British rather than Martian. That strikes me as one of the most enlightening criticisms I have read for a good long time.

One of the few, the very few, literary discoveries of the War is certainly "Linesman," whose new book, "Words by an Eye-Witness," has just been published by Messrs. Blackwood. By the way, it seems rather unnecessary for the publishers to make such a mystery of the authorship of the work, for there are passages enough scattered throughout its pages which should, I think, point pretty clearly to the identity of the writer. "Linesman" is not, as some have suggested, the legitimate successor of G. W. Stevens. He does not make that appeal to the public which Stevens made by describing what "The Man in the Street" would see if he opened his eyes *very* wide. Indeed, it is not in the pictures of the surface of things that "Linesman" excels. He does succeed, however, in a most remarkable manner, in transferring to the printed page something of the very breath of battle, the very atmosphere of war. I have read nothing for a long time which brought the reality of modern warfare so near as the chapter "Dies Ira." It is terrible in its intensity of sadness and defeat and death. "Linesman" has two striking weaknesses which militate against the success of his work. He is, first of all, much too fond of addressing the reader in such staccato phrases as, "Never-failing worthies, shall no pen do ye the honour ye merit some day!" or, "Ye gods, Spion Kop has been called an 'instant' in the halfpenny papers!"; and, secondly, his fondness for quotation, and especially for classical tags, becomes at times almost as an offensive pose. Fancy writing of the soldier in South Africa as the "homunculus of that mighty homo an army," or of "the borné philosophy of our artillerists"! "Linesman's" power is his ability to lay bare the very soul of an army and of a battle, to weigh the very sensations of men in the balances, to open up the hidden things of war. It is a great power, and "Words by an Eye-Witness" is, without question, a most powerful book.

O. O.

### WITHOUT BENEFIT OF ARCHER.

**I**N view of the fact that Mr. William Archer has been kind enough to publish a critical tome on those minor poets whose work has been fortunate enough to come under his notice, it is interesting to turn the leaves of the first volume of the "Thrush"—that praiseworthy attempt on the part of a thinker and a man of originality to familiarise the British public at large with the present-day workers in the most difficult field of literature—and to note the many excellent poems and sets of verses that have escaped Mr. Archer's somewhat abstracted eye. Mr. Mullett Ellis sets a rich dish before the guests at his literary feast. For his list of contributors boasts such well-known and worthy names as L. Alma-Tadema, Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., Francis Prevost Battersby, Harold Begbie, Mackenzie Bell, Clifton Bingham, Dr. Richard Garnett, W. E. Henley, Sir Lewis Morris, Dr. Gilbert Murray, and very many other writers of distinction. If space permitted, I might quote more than one little gem of poesy which in itself is sufficient excuse for the existence of this monthly periodical of original poetry. As it is, however, I venture to select one delightful lyric by Dr. Gilbert Murray—

She walked in the morning air,  
When the sun was happy and high;  
A white rose fell from her hair;  
She saw and she passed it by.

And I thought: "Shall I bow my head  
For a thing cast lightly away?"

"I will stoop for her," I said;  
"But not for a dead rose spray."

But back in the print of her feet  
I came amid winds and snows;  
And I kissed the stones of the street,  
But where was the rose, the rose?

The volume, which is beautifully printed and bound, is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

THE musical world is unusually active for the season of the year. I have been to half-a-dozen concerts in the day myself, and one of my musical friends says he can beat that record, for he attended nearly forty last week. Abroad, also, there have been many remarkable concerts. From Milan, I hear of the Abbé Perosi having written a new work, which he calls a "symphonic poem," taking Moses as his subject. It will be remembered that Perosi failed completely in his oratorios, which the most competent critics declared were mere echoes of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. But in "Moses" he has done much better, and has struck out a new vein instead of imitating the old Masters. His instrumentation is also novel, and frequently the priest-composer is quite successful. He began as an amateur, but there are signs that he is rapidly gaining a higher standard of art. The libretto is compiled from the Old Testament by two Milanese journalists, and Perosi has composed his "symphonic poem" with no little skill. He treats the Scriptural account of Pharaoh somewhat after the manner of Handel in his oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," but I need scarcely say he does not approach the giant force of the greatest of oratorio-composers in "The Hailstone Chorus" and other majestic choruses from that wonderful work. Still, I gladly record the great advance of the Italian composer. The Hebrew hymn of rejoicing over the defeat of their oppressor in the Red Sea is a fine and stirring composition, and the final song of praise to Jehovah has great merit. In the course of the coming season, Perosi's work will, I believe, be heard in London, and I feel sure its ability will be recognised. Another famous Italian, Rossini, has dealt with the subject. His "Moïse" is brilliant, but not dramatic. A church in Milan, my correspondent informs me, has been fitted up for a performance of "Moses" under the direction of the Conductor of La Scala, Milan—an arrangement which in this country would be fatal to the work.

M. Saint-Saëns, the great French composer, took part in the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on His Majesty's Birthday. He played his caprice on melodies from Gluck's "Alceste," and joined Mr. Gibson and Herr Fuchs in his pianoforte quartette Op. 41. His solo-playing was exquisite. I have seldom heard a more admirable pianist.

Music-publishers sometimes make great mistakes. Everybody knows Mr. Cowen's beautiful and popular song, "The Promise of Life." The composer had it returned to him as unsaleable, but the present publisher has disposed of nearly a quarter of a million copies, and the song has been given by the greatest of living vocalists. A somewhat similar fate attended the same composer's "Better Land," which I heard on the Lowestoft Pier last season greeted with deafening shouts of approval.

A new singer has had immediate success in London concert-rooms. This is Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, an Irish baritone of exceptional gifts. He has also that delightful quality, humour, and, in introducing seven Hibernian songs at St. James's Hall

on Tuesday, set to music by the Dublin composer, Mr. Esposite, who accompanied the vocalist, Mr. O'Sullivan had a most enthusiastic reception. When I first heard Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, in "The Daisy Chain" of Lisa Lehmann, I felt certain he would rapidly make his mark. A fine voice, good style, and humorous delivery are rare qualities, and Mr. O'Sullivan may be credited with all these good things.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage," &c., and I am pleased to hear that the fine conductor, M. Colonne, met with great success in Berlin last week. When M. Colonne appeared in the German Capital shortly after the War, he was coldly received. But to their honour it must be said that, with all their prowess in war, the Germans can easily be vanquished by good music. With his Parisian bâton M. Colonne carried all before him at Berlin.

Madame Patti's only concert this season will take place at the Albert Hall to-morrow (Thursday). The prima donna will be assisted by several of the chief vocalists of the day. Madame Patti's popularity is as great as ever. Her last concert at the Albert Hall brought no less than £800, and probably the forthcoming concert will realise quite as much.

Many musical readers will remember Mascagni's opera, "Radcliff," the libretto of which work was by the German poet Heine, who said of his eccentric poem, "There are so many of the characters killed at the fall of the curtain on the second Act that their ghosts have to complete the action in the third Act." When "Radcliff" was first performed in Rome, the audience chaffed the ghosts mercilessly; but the composer has tried again, and the Roman audience reversed their former verdict for the sake of Mascagni's music, most of which is melodious and effective. I have read Heine's ghostly libretto, and laughed at it heartily. "Radcliff" will not be heard at Covent Garden this season, but Sir Augustus Harris once promised to produce it. He thought better of it when the Opera Season opened.

At Leipsic, Weingartner's trilogy, "Orestes," "Agamemnon," and "The Furies," is shortly to be produced. But, unlike Wagner, the composer is content with a single evening for the performance. Only a giant like the great Bayreuth musician could produce "The Nibelungen Ring" in separate operas.

On Tuesday, Nov. 12,

## THE GERMAN COMPANY

gave a performance of "Pauline," by Georg Hirschfeld. This piece may be called a comedy of life below-stairs—that is, figuratively speaking, for the scenes of the play are laid in an artist's flat. With this artist and his wife we have little to do, for it is with the vagaries of Pauline, their cook, that the plot is concerned. Pauline's attractions are very great, and she has a positively alarming number of "followers," whose visits are apparently incessant. She does not, however, incur the wrath of her master and mistress by her conduct, for the irresponsible pair will hear no evil of her, and one evening invade the kitchen at the head of a procession of their guests in fancy-costume and drink their cook's health with enthusiasm. This may certainly be said to be Bohemia! It is not astonishing, in view of this merry order of things, that Pauline is somewhat loth for matrimony with the jealous locksmith (played by Georg Worlitzsch), a democrat who wears the usual red tie and inveighs against the degradation



Mlle. HATTO, THE FRENCH OPERA-SINGER, IN  
"LES BARBARES."

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

of servitude. Yet this is the lover who finally wins, despite a persistent bullying manner and a letter written in a fit of passion to Pauline's parents containing the most unfounded imputations against her. In the hands of Josefine Dora the part of the cook certainly did not lack spirit,

but, as may easily be seen, the substance of the play is extremely flimsy. There are no less than nineteen characters, of which number eight have hardly anything to say. As there are so many gay little comedies "made in Germany" of infinitely better construction than the piece under notice, it is a little surprising that "Pauline" should have been selected as one of the plays to be given this season.

#### THE NEW PIANIST.

I have much pleasure in presenting my readers with a portrait of Mr. Percy Grainger, the young Australian pianist, whose playing in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' Studio and at Steinway Hall created such a favourable



MR. PERCY GRAINGER,  
A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN PIANIST WHO HAS MADE A GREAT  
IMPRESSION IN LONDON MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Photo by Marx, Frankfurt-on-Main.

impression. Mr. Grainger gave his first concert in Australia at the age of five, and a few years later was studying and winning golden opinions in Germany. Now, still in his teens, he has astonished music-lovers in London by his brilliant and scholarly playing. Indeed, his interpretation of the works of Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Grieg, and Tschaiikowsky evinces true artistic intuition and poetic feeling. His famous countrywoman, Madame Melba, is delighted with him, and has sent the young pianist a most encouraging letter, in which she says she shall never forget his playing of Grieg's "Ballade." Mr. Grainger will be heard at Steinway Hall on Wednesday, the 27th, at Mr. Hugh Nevill-Smith's Evening Concert, and again, on the 29th, at Madame Julia Rudge's Afternoon Song Recital, so those who would enjoy a musical treat should hasten to secure tickets. The young Australian genius has an enviable future to look forward to, and *The Sketch* heartily wishes him the success which he most assuredly deserves.

There ought to be an enormous audience at the Gaiety to-morrow (Thursday) week, when

#### THE MATINÉE TO MR. MEYER LUTZ

will take place. Apart from the magnificent programme to be presented by all the leading artistes in London, Mr. Lutz deserves well of London

playgoers of the musical-play loving kind. From the starting of the Gaiety, or very soon after, for more than twenty years did this fine composer and conductor provide lively and lovely music for the Gaiety burlesques. These included, after the shorter examples by Byron and Burnand, the longer specimens by Robert Reece, Yardley and Stephens, "Richard Henry," and Sims and Pettitt. For such leading lights as Edward Terry, Fred Leslie, Florence St. John, and Ellen Farren did good old "Papa" Lutz compose songs that became sung, whistled, and organ-ground all over London. Lovers of church-music



MR. MEYER LUTZ, WHOSE BENEFIT TAKES PLACE  
AT THE GAIETY TO-MORROW WEEK.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

scarcely need reminding that Mr. Lutz has rendered splendid service in this connection. If Meyer Lutz's benefit-matinée does not draw what is called a "bumper" house, it ought.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is scoring amain in the big provincial towns with "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Profligate," and "For the Crown," will, next Monday, produce at Manchester a new play, entitled

#### "MICE AND MEN."

This is a drama written expressly for Mr. Robertson by Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley, who has already given to English playgoers at least two most pleasant comedies, "Jedbury Junior" and "An American Citizen" to wit.

Speaking of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, I have to apologise for a little slip made in a recent issue of *The Sketch* concerning his clever young niece, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson. In writing around a picture showing Mr. Forbes-Robertson's brother Ian fencing with a young lady, I, by error, described that lady as Mr. Ian's daughter, the aforesaid Miss Beatrice. The fair escrimeuse was really Miss Aimée de Burgh, a member of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Company. With this Company Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson has for some time been playing Ophelia, Desdemona, and other leading characters during the absence of Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott), who returns to the Company for the new play.

It would appear that those who, like myself, have stated that Miss Gordon Lee, who so cleverly plays Alice Baukner in the "Sherlock



MISS NELLIE SEYMOUR, A YOUNG ACTRESS PLAYING IN MUSICAL  
COMEDY.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Delfast.

Holmes" travesty at Terry's, is a daughter of the celebrated actress long known as Jennie "Jo" Lee, are not strictly accurate. Miss Jennie Lee (Mrs. J. P. Burnett) writes me that she has only one daughter on the stage, namely, Miss Joan Burnett, a young actress whom *The Sketch* has often had occasion to praise, and that highly, as Hamlet says. But does it not seem strange that just before Miss Gordon Lee's appearance at Terry's several paragraphists should have hinted at her being related to the famous little "Jo"?

#### "SAN TOY" IN THE SUBURBS.

"San Toy" is running its merry round of the suburbs, and last week easily maintained its reputation for vivacity and sprightliness at the Royal Duchess Theatre, Balham. The Company under the direction of Mr. C. J. Abud is one of the best I have seen, and bears favourable comparison with its parent in Leicester Square. The popular characters of Captain Bobby Preston, Yen How, the Mandarin, Li, Poppy, and San Toy herself were ably represented by Mr. L. Mackay, Mr. J. Humphries, Mr. C. Danby, Miss Octavia Barry, and Miss Alice Davies respectively, who brought to their parts a piquancy and humour that were distinctly refreshing, whilst the *tout ensemble* went with a swing and go which proved irresistible. The show proved a big attraction in the neighbourhood, the bookings showing very satisfactory results.

At the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, Mr. H. G. Dudley Bennett will produce an adaptation of the German play called "Eve," written by Richard Vosg. The piece is to have a fine cast.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Tandem-Riding: Its Decline—Motor-Bicycles: Their Peculiarities—The Extension of Tramways in Suburban London—A Wonderful Free-Wheeling Performance—1902 a Free-Wheel Year—Racing Motors as Compared with the Motor-Driven Pleasure-Vehicle.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 20, 5.3; Thursday, 5.2; Friday, 5; Saturday, 4.59; Sunday, 4.58; Monday, 4.57; Tuesday, 4.56.

At one time, tandem-riding was a very popular form of cycling, but of late years there have been evidences of its decline in favour of the single. This has principally been brought about by the great improvements which have taken place in the construction of the lady's bicycle and the facilities with which ladies can now ride without a male chaperon. It is not so very long ago that the lady possessing pluck enough to ride a single safety found herself not only the butt of the ribald street-jester, but had to endure the frowns of those who constituted themselves authorities on feminine propriety. Tandem-riding was very popular then; the street-jester was wary with his remarks when he saw a man at the helm of the tandem, and the Madam Grundys of the period moderated their opinions with regard to feminine cycling.

When it became fashionable to cycle—that is to say, when the bicycle ceased to be regarded as “the poor man's horse,” and was looked upon with favour by Society—the tandem waned in popularity. Ladies of all classes preferred the comparative freedom of the single safety, with the result that it is calculated there are now nearly as many lady riders in Britain as there are cyclists of the other sex. Tandem-riding, however, still exercises an amount of fascination for some, and I, for one, should be sorry to see it decline so that cycle-manufacturers would not find it pay to include the tandem in their catalogues. It affords a most enjoyable form of cycling, and on level roads the labour of propulsion is less than that experienced on the single.

The season which has just closed has shown marked developments in motor-cycling. At the commencement of the year the possibilities of the motor-bicycle were shrouded in speculation and mystery. It is true that during 1900 a considerable number of motor-bicycles were made and ridden, but they were ridden mainly by experts, and the machines themselves were more or less experimental. This year, however, has seen a decided advance take place in the construction of the motor-driven wheel, and it may now be said that the type—although by no means as yet perfect—has taken a place in cycling, and has come to stay.

The simplification of the motor itself has had much to do with the growing popularity of the machine. On the car, the quadricycle, or the triycle, there is a multiplication of working parts which do not exist on the bike. What there is to be learned can be learned very easily, providing that the learner will bring a little intelligence to bear on the subject and not leave anything to chance. It stands to reason that with a mechanically propelled vehicle the engine is the first consideration, and it will be found that each engine possesses peculiarities and “temper” of its own. The rider, by careful observation, must get to know all about these peculiarities, must experiment, and so learn how to

“humour” the motor. The causes of failure or breakdown with motor-cycles can usually be traced to the most trivial irregularities, but more often to the rider's neglect or indifference, and the first duty of the motorist is to know his engine, how to humour it, and how to get the best work out of it under all conditions.

The extension of tramways in suburban London, while undoubtedly conferring great benefits upon the community at large, is calculated to make the Metropolitan cyclist sad. It would not be so bad if the tramway companies did not arrogate to themselves the practical monopoly of the roads they traverse, and in so doing render those roads almost impassable to cycling traffic. There are some tram-routes in suburban London which are really dangerous to the life and limb of the “Man on the Wheel”—lines which here and there project an inch or more above the road-surface, or have sunk a similar depth; uneven, and always greasy, cobbles in the horse-track, and a narrow strip of bumpy macadam on each side. This does not spell an ideal cycling-road, and one cannot

wonder that the organisations of the sport are agitating in order to compel the promoters of new tram-routes to guarantee that the roads shall be built so as to ensure safety to the many thousands of cyclists who will pass over them.

No greater testimony to the efficacy of the free-wheel can be supplied than the recent record of a Midland amateur who free-wheeled no less a distance than a mile and a-half and eighty-nine yards. One of the arguments originally put forward against the free-wheel gear was that it created friction. That this is not the case is proved by the record above quoted. The performance, I understand, took place on a track; the rider was allowed a hundred yards “sprint,” in order to get up speed, and then free-wheeled what must be conceded a phenomenal distance. No fixed-gear machine could be run without pedal-propulsion anything like the distance, proving that the revolving cranks and chain create more friction than can be produced in a modern free-wheel gear when running “free.” My prophecy that next year all the best makes of bicycles will have the free-wheel fitted as a standard is borne out by facts. Already the principal makers have

announced that the free-wheel will be fitted to all roadster bicycles unless otherwise ordered. It seems to be assumed that the man who prefers the fixed gear will be as much behind the times as the person who, in these days of pneumatics, would specify solid tyres.

The extraordinary speeds which have been attained on motor-cars will, no doubt, have the effect of confusing the lay mind as to the possibilities of motors. It should be remembered that these wonderful performances have been obtained by the employment of special engines of high horse-power, driven by expert motorists. It is not given to the ordinary driver of the ordinary car to reach anything like these speeds, and it is just as well that such is the case, else motoring might become anything but a healthy or pleasurable pastime. Some of the racing-cars which have been built in France are really leviathans, capable of reaching the pace of the fastest express-trains, and constructed at a cost which would be ruinous to the average man; for instance, the racing-car of M. Fournier, the famous French *chauffeur*, cost no less than £2800 to build. Such cars are made for speed, and speed only, and it were wise that the budding motorist recognised this fact.

R. L. J.



MR. EUGENE SANDOW, THE CELEBRATED “STRONG MAN.”

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Manchester Handicap.*

A poor acceptance has been received for the Manchester Handicap, and perhaps it is as well that it should be the last big handicap to be decided on the New Barns course, which, to say the least of it, is a tricky one for both horse and rider. I learn Mr. George Edwardes will start Santoi to give critics a chance of seeing how near his form compares with that of Isonomy of old. Of course, 9 st. requires some carrying in the mud, but Santoi has run well over the course before, and, when fit, he is a smasher. Rambling Katie holds a great chance, and Strawberry Leaf, who is come back to form, should at least get a place. For the actual winner, I shall select Papola, who is very leniently treated. The Lancashire Handicap will bring out a big field, and I think the race looks a good thing for St. Beurre, although danger may come from Cutaway. The Lancaster Nursery has obtained a good acceptance, but the weights have been raised 9 lb. I do not think this rule should apply to Nursery Handicaps. Waveless is very likely to win this race. For the Eglinton Nursery top-weight is now allotted to Bonnie Scotland, who has done very little since he left John Watts's stable. I am told that Black Mail is very likely to win, although I think Wild Night again has a big chance. With Lord Marcus Beresford as one of the Stewards at Manchester, we are not likely to see any foul or unfair riding, and I do hope the meeting will pass without accident befalling either jockey or horse.

The two-year-old form has been of such a contradictory character that the winners of the classic races of 1902 may take a lot of finding. For the Derby, Duke of Westminster will have a big following if he goes to the post fit and well, for John Porter knows better than anyone what is wanted to win the Derby, and I do not think the Master of Kingsclere would have bought the colt for Mr. Faber unless he thought he could win the Blue Riband of the Turf.

But there are others, and such as Port Blair, Ard Patrick, Mustard, and last, but by no means least, Sceptre, will have to be reckoned with. The last-named will be trained for the race by Davis, an American trainer who has charge of Mr. Sievier's horses in Wiltshire. Further, R. Marsh might find a good three-year-old among his numerous lot engaged in the race. Sceptre and Duke of Westminster could meet first in the Two Thousand Guineas, but in this race the brother to Wildfowler or Port Blair might be dangerous, as the distance would suit them. Mr. Sievier might win the St. Leger with Lavengro, who is out of both Derby and Guineas. The son of Ladas is bred to win the Doncaster race, and he is very likely to turn out to be a second Epsom Lad. The majority of the horses engaged in the classics are left in for the Newmarket Stakes, which is very likely to be an interesting race, and, if Pekin is as smart as reported to be, this valuable prize is more than likely to go to a reclaimed plater. The son of St. Simon—Lady Yardley is bred well enough to win any race.

*Apprentices.*

We have seen some fine riding by the apprentices this year. A great deal of credit is due to those trainers who devote time and attention to the teaching of their apprentices to shape well in the saddle, but I do not think the trainer should be allowed to take all the profit from a boy's riding during the latter's apprenticeship. I contend that the trainer should be compelled to

place a certain sum to the boy's credit in a bank for every winner the boy rides. Of course, the trainer receives a big sum even when the boy rides losers. It is hard lines when an apprentice becomes too heavy to ride in races as soon as his term expires, but this has happened in several instances during the last ten years. Anyway, the trainer who can claim the refreshers given to a useful apprentice is on a good thing to nothing, and especially now that the 5 lb allowance is made to tell for so much. Tom Jennings junior once said that Walter Bradford was the best horse he had in his stable, and it must be admitted that Bradford, as a lightweight, was unbeatable. Now, however, he is much too heavy to ride in races, and, finding his old occupation gone, he has taken to training.

*The Winning Jockey.*

O. Madden heads the list of winning jockeys this year. He is a strong rider and displays fine judgment in his finishes. It was unfortunate that Madden's connection with R. Marsh's stable was severed, and it is a

remarkable fact that Marsh's horses have done very badly this year. I do not know the cause, but it is a fact that several of the horses trained at Egerton House are unreliable, and it may be that their breeding accounts for it. Strange to add, some of Marsh's cast-offs have done well in new quarters, the most notable instances being Sinopi and O'Donovan Rossa, while even Castilian and Peace and Plenty have picked up races since leaving the stable. The most remarkable ride Madden ever had was when he won the Derby with Jeddah, who, it will be remembered, started at 100 to 1. Mr. Larnach had fancied the colt very much for the Guineas, but I do not think he backed the colt for the Derby, as a stable-companion of Jeddah, with John Watts in the saddle, was a big public tip.



CAPTAIN E. D. MILLER, THE HEAD OF THE NEW POLO CLUB WHICH IS TO BE NEXT-DOOR TO RANELAGH.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

do object to some of the smart owners getting 10 to 1 about horses that should have started at 5 to 4 on, and would have started at that price had the money only been invested on the course. I heard of a case the other day where the largest starting-price coup of the season was engineered by the aid of the layers in the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The horse won easily; but, strange to say, the previous time out I gave him, when he ran unbacked and unplaced. Why? Well, my tips are published in evening papers throughout the North and in Scotland and Ireland. As a consequence, the public money brought the animal to a short price, for the general public, as a rule, do their betting in time to allow the bookies to cover, whereas those working coups do the investing just before the time set for the race.—CAPTAIN COE.

## A NEW POLO CLUB.

Many rumours are flying about concerning the new Polo Club. It is under very strong social and financial patronage, and the Committee have been fortunate in securing the delightful old house which was occupied last winter by the King and Queen of Sweden. Ranelagh will have to look to its laurels, and, as competition is always good for the public, if not for the competitors themselves, not only polo-players, but all those interested in outdoor games will have reason to be pleased if the new Polo Club is as great a success as it promises to be.



## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

**I** FIND furs at the moment the only legitimate ambition of every woman I know—and, of course, all those I don't. Fur coats, fur muffs, fur tippets, and even fur dresses—save the mark! What would St. Chrysostom of pious memory say had he lived in these expensive days—who so girded at the women of ancient Byzantium



[Copyright.]

GREY CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET AND MINEVER.

because, forsooth, they clothed themselves in costly furs and skins to trim their garments, while their husbands worked and toiled to provide them with such sinful extravagances? Alack-the-day! how little have we changed from these classic coquettes or profited in wisdom by the passage of centuries!

Verily do I know one indisputably reckless young woman who paid £900 for a garment of sables and another £200 for an evening-frock only this very week of grace. To be sure, she was an American, and her father's profession had been, like that of Lady Curzon's, "pork or thereabouts," which, as Mr. Leiter knows—none better—justifieth everything. Still, two hundred for a blue embroidered gown did rather seem to me the height of extravagance. Only, when I remonstrated and mentioned that there were poor in the East-End of London, I was asked to consider my sermon as finished, and reminded, moreover, that a forthcoming season of Indian Viceregal Society justified any outlay. "In fact," added my candid San Franciscan, "I consider that frock and those others a speculation" (with an accent on the "con"). Still apropos of frocks and their cost, it is a popular *on dit* in Paris at the moment that Madame Sarah Bernhardt's long ermine cloak is at once the most costly and magnificent garment in existence. Someone asked her, very injudiciously, what it cost. "Infinite remorse," answered "the Divine." So now Madame Sarah's ermine cloak is called "Her remorse" by those who know her and it. But, after all, is not

this expenditure infinitely more justifiable than that of the little popular singer who daily promenades in the Bois leading two infinitesimal toy-terriers, each clothed, to their palpable discomfort, in coats of blue fox which cost five hundred francs apiece?—If anyone can bring forward a case of more whimsical expenditure, it would be instructive to hear it.

For those who ambition the rather rococo fashion of a gown made of fur, there are two novelties this winter to add to the caracul of last, and these are mole-skin and colt-skin. The tiny skins of the mole are joined, with infinite labour and extreme skill, to form the newest shapely skirt, and the effect of its soft, silky, mouse-grey tones is exceedingly charming and correspondingly expensive. Colt-skin dyed and prepared by a Parisian process produces lovely tones and is a far less costly acquisition, while being considered all that is of the most *chic*.

Talking of dyed furs, I hear of a new process by which the comparatively worthless light-tawny sables of which our grandmothers seemed to possess such a store can now be transformed into an exact imitation of dark Russian sables by a clever system of indelible stain. This dyeing is done in Paris, and is certainly a tip worth remembering by those who own the above-mentioned *démodé* light-coloured sables. What with imitations of furs and jewels, there will soon be no kudos in owning any "actualities." Look at the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, for example! Side by side with real gems they are indistinguishable in lustre—that prismatic gleam which is so beautiful—colour, and what experts call "skin," and I hear of a new scientific discovery which promises the same results with rubies. Apropos of precious stones, Lord Francis Hope has at last obtained permission to sell the famous blue diamond which



[Copyright.]

GOWN OF BROADTAIL AND CHINCHILLA.

occasionally twinkled in Miss May Yohe's laces. The stone is an immense one and weighs 44½ carats. Before it was stolen and split up, in one of its various vicissitudes, it weighed 112 carats. The colour is an intense, brilliant blue.

SYBIL.



## PRETTY "OLD CHINA" ORNAMENTS IN THE EMPIRE BALLET.

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

THE KING (MR. MAINWARING) FLIRTS WITH THE BELLE MARQUISE  
(MISS ADA VINCENT).



FLEURETTE (MDLLE. Q. PAPUCCI) AND COQUELICOT  
(SIGNOR A. SANTINI).



A DAINTY PAIR.



A HUNTSMAN AND A LADY OF THE COURT.

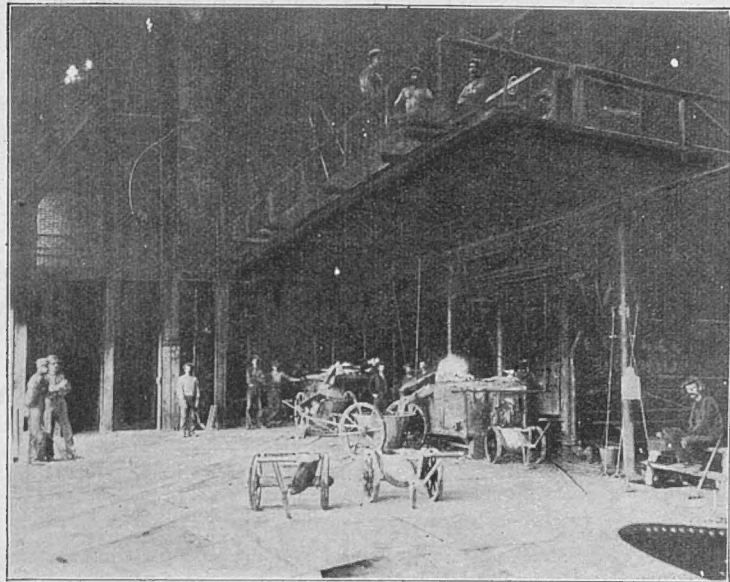


## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on November 26.*

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

WITH only two Settlements between now and the Christmas holidays, the Stock Exchange resigns itself to the prospect of a continued dull time. The Money Market provides but little subject for interest, but Consols and kindred securities are somewhat wobbly, although a healthy feature is the buying of some of the



TAPPING THE TRAIL SMELTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

cheaper Colonial Loans. Home Rails are helplessly weak, and Brighton "A," after a brief sparkle, dulled down again, despite the serious consideration which the Company is known to be devoting to electrification. Yankees relapsed a little as soon as the scheme for "settling" the Northern Pacific difficulty was announced. With its capital of 400 million dollars, no doubt the Northern Securities Company will soon be circulating its bonds over here. In the Foreign Market some of the cheapest, nastiest South American Loans are being picked up by highly speculative individuals. The Mining Markets are characterised by extreme public caution as regards Westralians and West Africans, while Kaffirs keep quiet, notwithstanding the permission granted to the Durban-Roodepoort and several more Companies to re-start work. Some of the mines are even talking of dividend declarations to be made at the beginning of the New Year.

The *Lady's Pictorial and Sporting and Dramatic* Company publishes an excellent report, the profit for the year under review being a little less than £25,000, which is an increase of £4600 over the previous year's performance. A dividend at the rate of 8 per cent., making 7 for the year, is declared on the Ordinary shares. Seeing that it takes only £8750 per annum to pay the dividend on the Preference shares, these latter look decidedly cheap at 4, yielding as they do at this price  $6\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

## FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

Dearer money is affecting the Foreign Railway Market of the Stock Exchange, even as it affects all the other sections of the House, and the Argentine division is naturally feeling its share of depression. Prices there are inclined to be irregular, Buenos Ayres Great Southern suffering from what are considered very disappointing traffic-results, and Argentine Great Western having been brought to practically the lowest price touched this year. Central Argentine, however, is picked up whenever the price shows any appreciable weakness. Both the Buenos Ayres and Pacific and the Rosario Ordinary stocks are dull. There is so little to go for in this market at present that investors might perhaps wait a little before embarking their capital in Argentine Rails. As regards Brazilian Railway stocks, the Government seems not altogether disinclined to make matters unpleasant in its arrangements and suggestions for taking over the Companies which it has already approached. Some of the latest evidence of this is seen in the dispute between the Brazilian Government and the Minas and Rio Railway, with reference to the terms upon which the Debentures will be paid off. Nevertheless, those same 5 per cent. Debentures at about 103 $\frac{1}{2}$  look very inviting. They appear to be well secured, whatever may arise. As to the suggested sale of the Donna Theresa Christina Railway to the Brazilian Government, the consideration of the deal has been shelved until next month, because shareholders think the offer made to them is inadequate, while the Conde D'Eu Company is in the throes of internal struggle over the terms of sale to the Brazilian Government. Leopoldina shares are steady, and the capital traffic-returns are complimentary to our hint as to the shares being a good speculation, which they remain even at to-day's quotation. The Mexican Railway Market, in the expressive Stock Exchange parlance, is "sick," the iron of American competition having entered into the soul of the Companies' traffic-results and the

immediate prospect presenting no peculiarly bright spots. At the meeting held the other day, the management was sharply criticised, and the Chairman replied by pointing out that the Company's new Manager had been in Mexico only about a month. The stockholders, he urged, must give him time to show his capacity.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC AND GRAND TRUNK.

Those who wisely laid in Canadian Pacific shares when it was suggested that they should do so a few weeks ago have every reason to congratulate themselves upon following our counsel. Canadas have rapidly forced themselves to the front again, through buying on New York and Montreal "community of interest" account, and, from being a lifeless market, they are now a centre of animation. For this the truly remarkable traffic-receipts are, of course, in the main, responsible. The pictures we have been publishing lately give some faint idea of the way in which a phenomenal harvest is handled, but the Company has other strings to its bow, such as, for instance, the smelters at Trail, where a large part of the gold comes from Rossland and the surrounding district to be treated. Holders of Canadian Pacifics would be ill-advised to sell at present, for there seems scope for a further advance. The market is talking Canadas to 125, and, much as we distrust this kind of "tip" as a rule, there is no apparent reason why the Canadian Pacific one should turn out wrongly.

As regards Grand Trunks, the course of prices is coming to wait largely upon the fluctuations in the American Market. To some extent, this has always been the case, but, of late, the dominant influence of Yankees shows itself ever more clearly and effectually. It can, of course, be hardly doubted that any shake-out in Wall Street would considerably affect Canadas and Grand Trunks, but the continued strength of Yankees is not likely to impart any substantial increment to Grand Trunk values. The stocks must depend for their advance upon the Company's earnings, notwithstanding the fact that a fall may be hastened by many extraneous influences. Naturally, if anything should come of the negotiations for reciprocity between Canada and the United States, the Canadian lines must benefit considerably. Happily for its proprietors, the Grand Trunk is doing very well, despite several what are regarded as disappointing traffics in the past few weeks. The First Preference at about 98 is an excellent 5 per cent. investment, the Second Preference is a fair speculative holding, while the Third Preference and Ordinary still remain little better than mere gambling counters.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It is quite a long time since we foregathered," smiled The Banker benignantly.

"Six-gathered, I think you mean, sir," corrected The Jobber, composedly glancing round the carriage to count.

The Banker looked pained—his usual refuge when uncertain what to say, but his amiable brow quickly cleared as The Broker asked him—

"How long will the Four per cent. Bank Rate last, do you think?"

"I fear—"

"No foe?" inquired The Jobber.

"I fear that the Four per cent.," pursued the persecuted one, "will remain with us until the New Year, unless it be raised to Five."

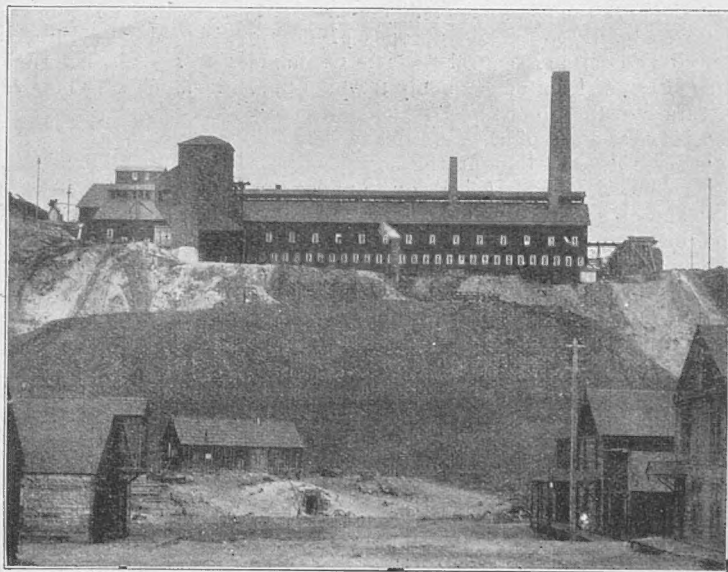
"Is that likely to be?" went on The Broker.

"Could I but foretell the course of circumstances in the New York Gold Market, I might, with that knowledge, prophesy whether your suggestion would be realised," was the tortuous reply.

"If there's the usual Christmas money-squeeze in Wall Street," commented The Merchant, "some of us bulls of Yankees will have a 'pleasant recess,' as the Americans call it."

"And it's not unlikely to come," The Broker considered.

"I wonder if there is any truth in this report about the formation of a gigantic Money Trust in America?" The Engineer spoke for the first time. "What is your opinion, sir?" turning to The Banker.



THE GREAT SMELTER, TRAIL, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



"It cannot be done," and the Man of Lombard Street brought his umbrella down hard on the foot of The Jobber, who was sitting next to him. "My dear sir, I am so exceedingly sorry!" he apologised, blushing like the maiden of bashful fifteen.

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" replied The Jobber, edging his way a little farther to the left. "I like it, assure you! It's nothing to being a bear of Rand Mines in a rising market."

"Kaffirs can't rise," declared The Broker. "Now, can they?" and he appealed to The City Editor, who was sitting opposite.

The latter looked puzzled for a moment, as though he were trying to remember what he had last written on the subject. Suddenly his face brightened.

"Obviously," he began; "obviously the obvious obviousness of the reply demands no obvious answer."

"I quite agree with you," remarked The Jobber, who had not been listening to the last speaker. "I sold Rand Mines on the idea that the War must last for another five years."

"Yes, and one day there will come a cable saying that Kavanagh or someone has captured two Boers and fifty-six head of dead cattle, and you will all be fighting like mad to buy Rand Mines. I know you!"—and The Engineer sat in the seat of the scornful.

"We are something like that, I admit," sadly said The Broker. "But how can one tell his clients to buy Kaffirs now? And how can one advise them to sell 'em?"

"There's always a nigger of some description in the hedge," growled The Engineer.

"That's why I sold my Yankees," The Merchant laughed.

"And that's why I sold my Rand Mines," declared The Jobber.

"Americans, all the House-men tell me, are about to start on such a boom as was never seen before," The Broker stated. "And I hear that Southern Pacifics are to be treated like Northern Pacifics were."

"Squeezed?" suggested The Jobber with a languishing air, suiting the action to the word.

"Sir!" exclaimed The Banker. "Take your arm away at once!"

The Jobber opened his eyes. "It is my turn to apologise," he murmured with some confusion. "I thought it was Brokie. He likes it."

Silence fell over the party, and nothing more was said until The Merchant's false teeth chattered audibly with the cold.

"No foot-warmers to be had this morning," he explained. "They ought to be plentiful on the Southern lines, too."

"Why?" asked The Engineer.

"Don't the Southern Companies use Kent coal?" was the answering question, put gravely enough.

The others, particularly The City Editor, did not quite know how to take it.

"What are Kent Coals?" went on The Merchant.

"Best Wallsend, what there are of them," replied the Engineer.

"No. I mean, what price are the shares now?"

"Round about a florin."

"And they are worth—?"

"Only that and nothing more," quoth The Engineer. "I was at the meeting of large shareholders the other day, in a sort of semi-official capacity."

"What happened?" asked The Merchant, with interest.

"Oh! the meeting put up about four thousand pounds of itself, and the French people did likewise. That gives the Company enough money to go on with for some ten weeks."

"And after that?"

"Then must come the crucial test. Shareholders will have two schemes for money-raising put before them—one whereby they have the option of taking Debentures, and the other of taking auxiliary shares."

"Suppose they can't get the money? The Company's credit is frightfully low."

"Then the shares won't be worth a hang."

"Glad I'm not a Kent Coal holder," observed The Merchant.

"The only people who are ever likely to get their fingers burnt with Kent Coal are the shareholders," The Broker laid down.

"Oh, by the way, and apropos of nothing," cried The Engineer, "ought I to sell my Central London Ordinary stock? It's had such a sharp rise that I am uncommonly tempted to sell it, much as I believe in the future of the Company."

"Have you a profit?" asked The City Editor.

"Yes, rather! Bought the shares at 9½, so that I could make over 10 per cent. if I sold. I can't quite understand why the stock is up."

"The dividend is due next February, and the market are looking for 4 per cent. on the Deferred," explained The Broker. "I think I should take my profit if I were you. You will most likely get the stock back cheaper later on, say after the dividend is declared."

"If they do pay 4 per cent., the stock will yield—let me see—something like 3½ per cent. at the present price, won't it?"

"M'yes," confirmed The Broker. "But the Company must spend a lot of money before it is in perfect order, and I don't think the Directors will act in anything but a prudent way over the first yearly dividend on the Deferred."

"What are Welsbach Deferred?" inquired The Merchant.

"Rubbish," was the prompt response. "Dear at eighteenpence a hundred instead of eighteenpence each."

"Go on!" retorted The Broker; "they are not at all a bad gamble, take my word for it. Some day they may be valuable property, and—"

"All's Welsbach ends well," ended The Jobber, getting out.

## "COLD STORAGE."

The South African Cold Storage gamble flourishes in the Miscellaneous Market like the proverbial bay-tree. And there is decided method in the market's madness, for on all hands we hear of the wonderful prosperity of this famous Company. Already, says report, has it made a profit of a million sterling since the making-up of the accounts to the end of the financial year, and, even if this statement is discounted 50 per cent., it leaves a pleasant-enough flavour behind in the mouths of the happy shareholders. Dangerous as it is to purchase one-pound shares in the neighbourhood of 10 or 11, there are those who are not afraid to face the risk, and we must say that such gallant speculators have our sympathy, the while we scarcely dare advise a purchase of the shares to our readers. We must confess to disliking the bull account which has become built up in the market, an almost inevitable concomitant to such an extraordinary rise in price; but to us the chances for a further climb look stronger than the forces working for the fall, although the benefit to be derived from "splitting" the shares is being rapidly discounted.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1901.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. B.—The concern you refer to is a sort of bill-of-sale affair with which we strongly advise you to have no dealings.

ANXIOUS.—You had better hold your Consols; they may go a little lower, but it is not likely to be much. When trade is bad, money cheap, and the purchases for the Sinking Fund are renewed, there is no reason why there should not be a big rise. The value of the Mine shares is so small that you might as well see it out.

DERRY.—(1) The price is £2 a share. (2 and 3) If the shares were our own, we should hold for the present. It is understood that the big block of shares which the O'Hagan people were saddled with has been purchased by Mr. J. R. Ellerman and that the prospects of the concern are improving.

AUSTRIA.—We prefer the Hardbeck Ordinary shares at present prices. As a speculative investment, they are very tempting at about 13s. or under.

NEWS.—We cannot account for the price. The report is first-rate and the Preference dividend appears more than amply secured. Both papers are old-established, solid concerns of the best class.

W. W.—All three investments are very good, and we would rather hold than sell. As investments, they should improve whenever there is an improvement in Stock Exchange business.

ROSBACH.—We think you should keep your money.

MUGGENS.—It is rather a long lock-up, but will probably come right eventually.

## TO THE OXFORD CORPORATION.

(On the proposed Installation of Electric Tramways in "The High.")

What? Shall that curve the D.T. specified  
"The finest sweep of Europe's every State"—  
(For fuller details: "Alden's Oxford Guide,"  
Page 38)—

Shall this by buzzing tramcars, dealing harm  
And death to dogs and dons, disfigured be?  
Shall cabmen's oaths disturb the pious calm  
Of B.N.C.?

Why mar with wires this tourist-drawing view?  
"To make it up-to-date"? You never will:  
Dear, slow old Oxford, whatsoever you do,  
Is Oxford still.

D. F. T. C.  
(From the "Isis," Nov. 16, 1901.)

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, have now been awarded their eighth Gold Medal for the "Flor de Dindigul" cigars.

On Nov. 25 the Parisian Diamond Company will open their new premises, 37 and 38, Burlington Arcade, to the public for inspection only. No business will be transacted during the first week of the opening. The premises are in pure Louis Quinze style, and the decorations alone form quite an exhibition of the art of hand-carving in wood. Artists have pronounced the work unique, there being nothing approaching it either in London or in Paris.

Mr. Arthur Collins issues gratis to all children who apply for it a booklet of the story that he intends to tell them at Old Drury at Christmas. This year the subject of the fourth volume of the Drury Lane Library of Fairy Tales will be "Blue Beard," that being the title of the Christmas pantomime written and invented by Mr. Jay Hickory Wood and Mr. Arthur Collins. As last year, this children's version will be compiled by Mr. Alec Knowles, with illustrations by P. J. Billingham.

The fact that Mr. Wyndham talks of reviving Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Crusaders," should be interesting to all admirers of this brilliant and often audacious dramatist. This "social satire" was first produced by Mr. Jones himself, what time he ran the Avenue as a Theatrical Manager on his own account. But, although thus brought out under his own auspices, "The Crusaders" did not receive, in every respect, the kind of histrionic treatment necessary for a satire of this class. As a matter of fact—and this tip is given for Mr. Jones's own guidance—it was played too heavily.